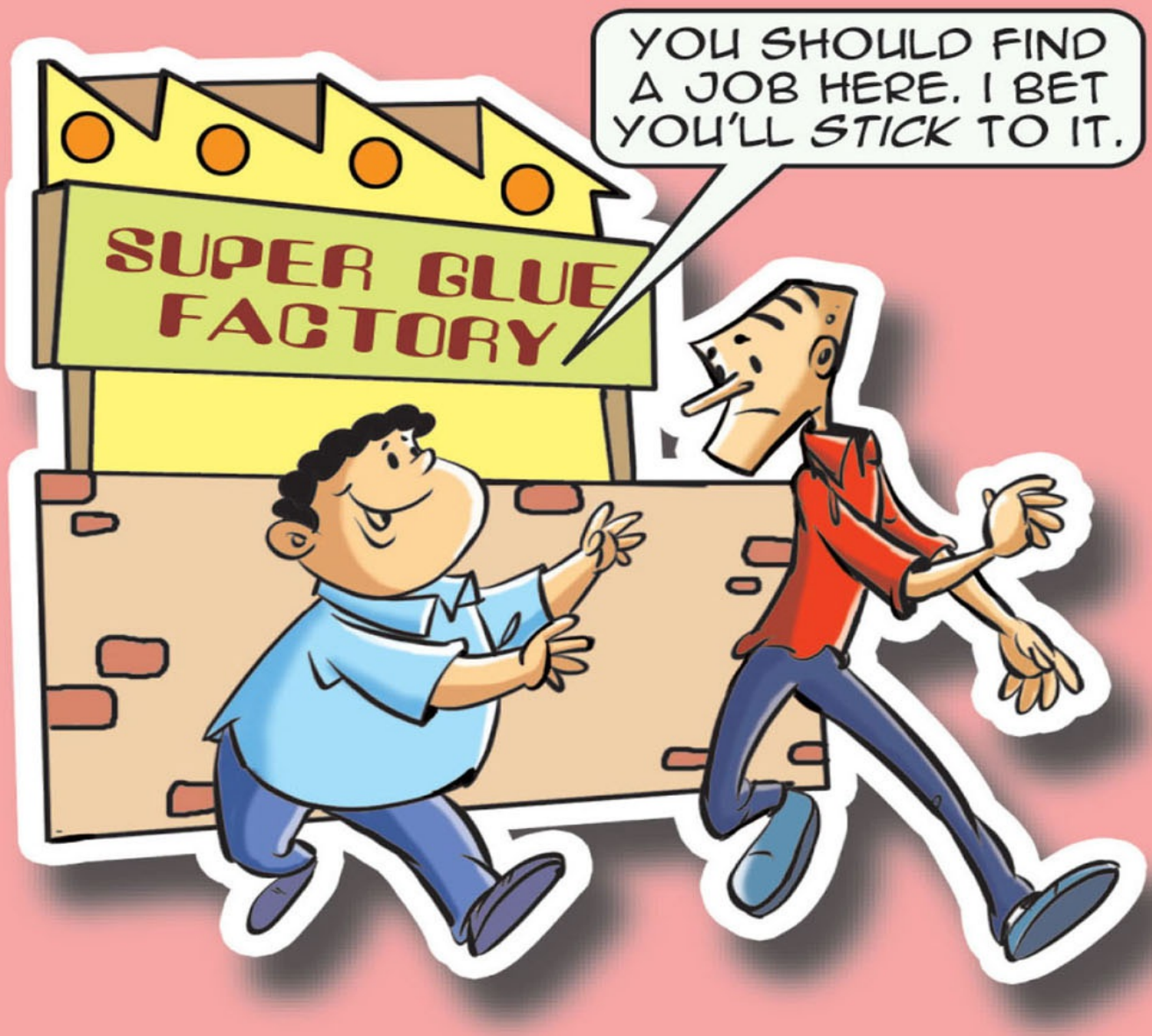
TINKLE DIGEST

No. 11



No. 11

TINKLE DIGEST

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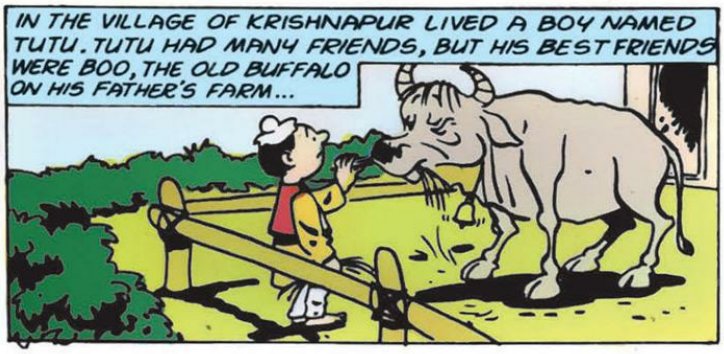
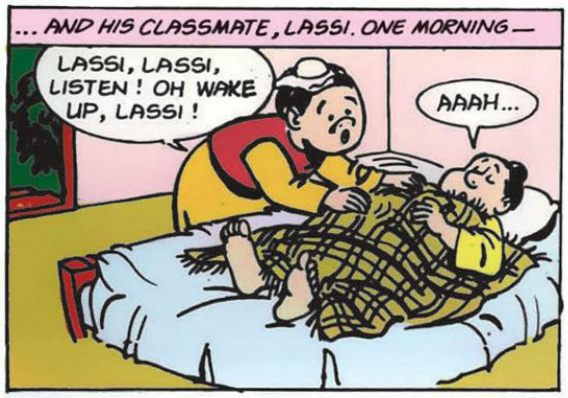
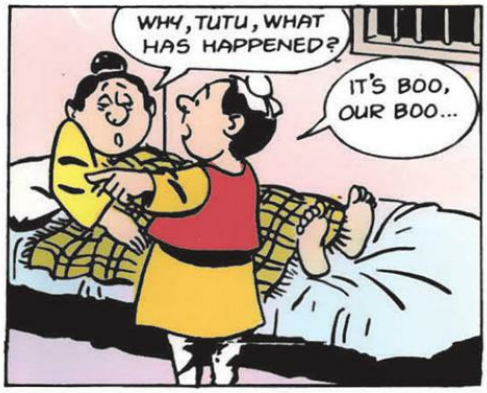
This story by Sigrun O. Srivastava won the Second Prize in the Tinkle Original Story Competition.

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

Illustrations : V.B. Halbe



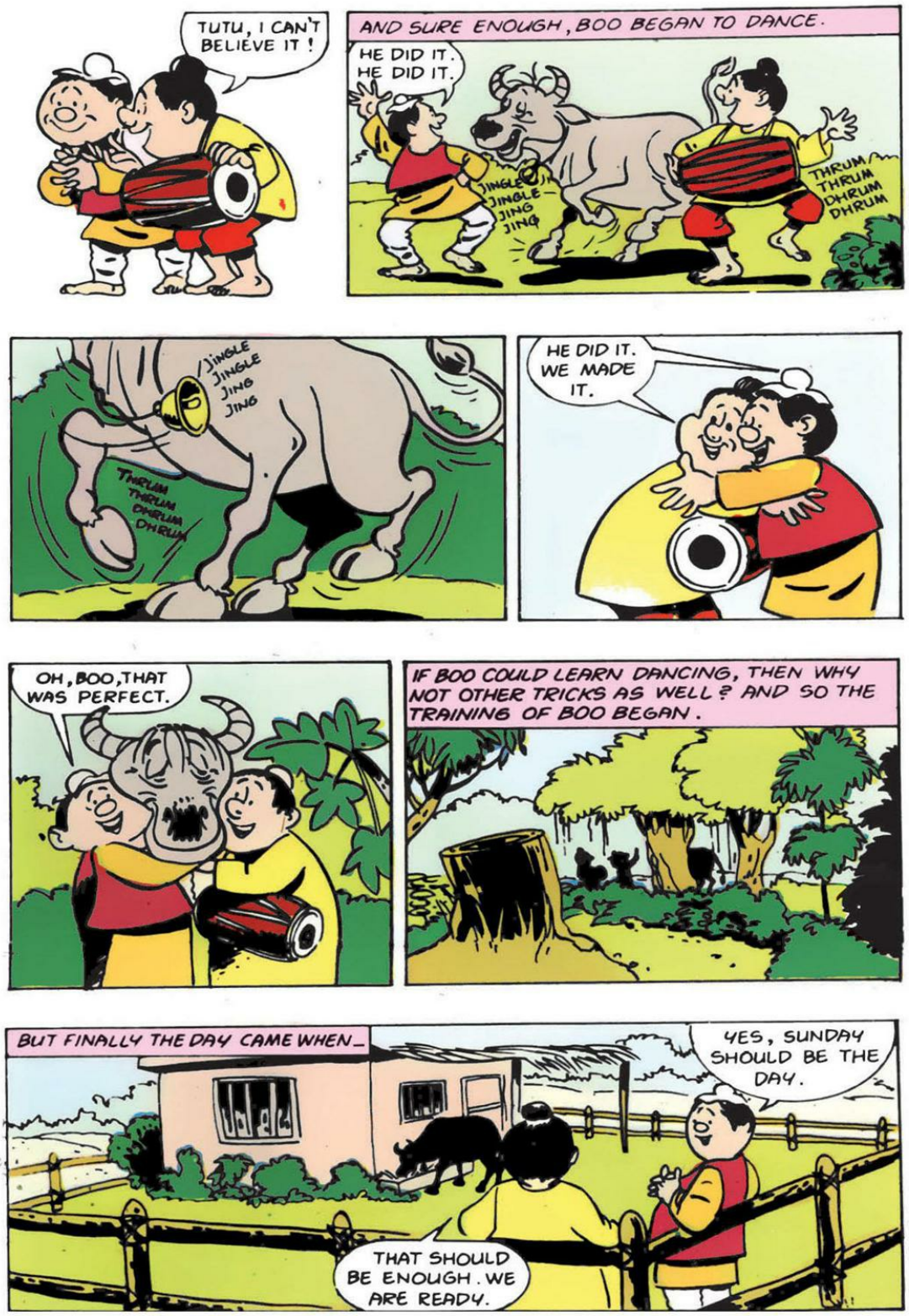


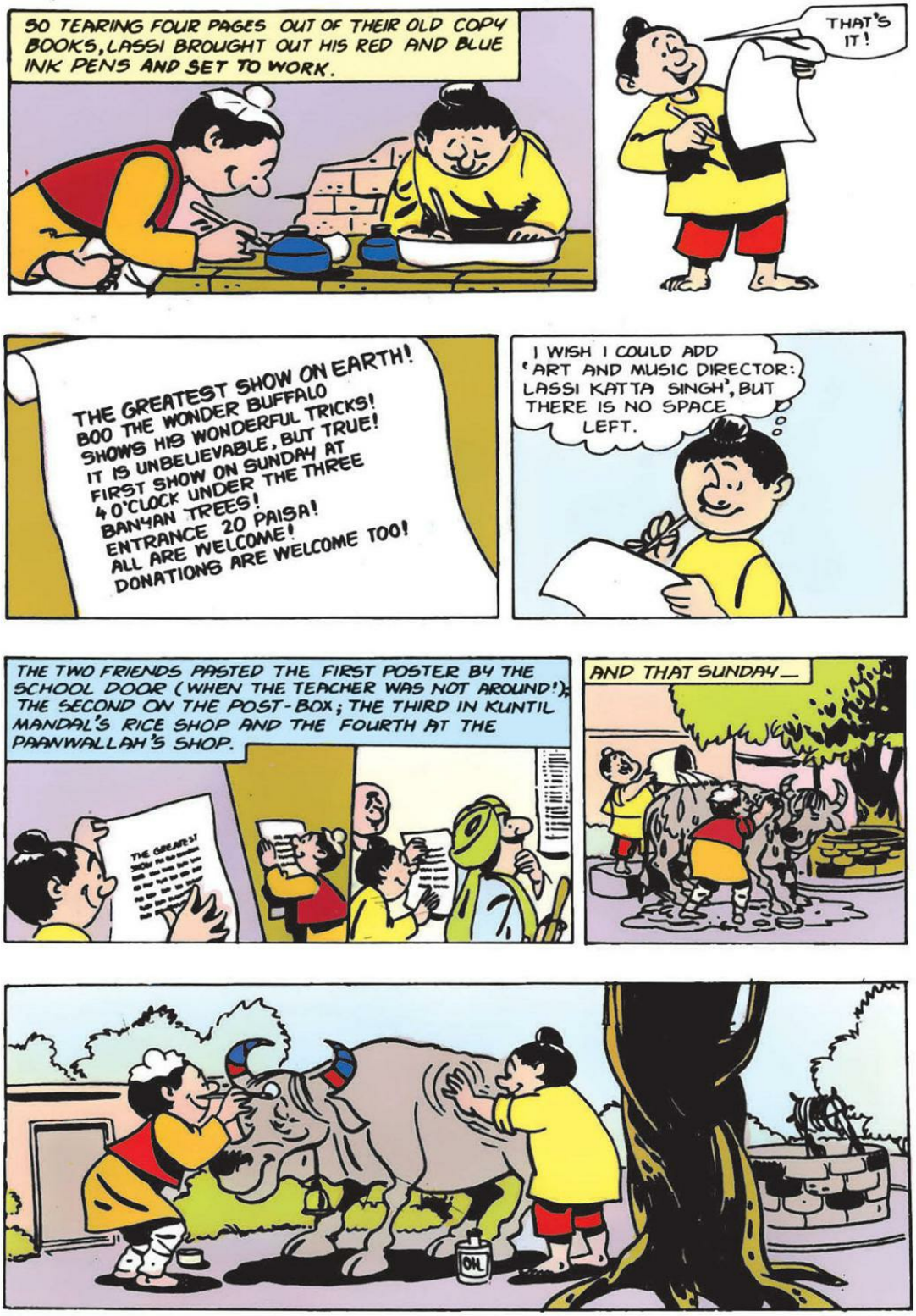


THAT AFTERNOON, THE TWO BOYS, MOUNTED ON BOO'S BACK, RODE DOWN TO THE RIVER BANK.
AND THERE..
NOW, LISTEN TO ME, BOO. WE ARE GOING TO TEACH YOU HOW TO DANCE.
MONKEYS, HORSES AND DOGS LEARN TO DANCE, THEN WHY NOT YOU?
COME ON, LASSI GIVE HIM THE BEAT. AND YOU BOO, WATCH ME.
COME ON BOO, LOOK AT MY FEET.
THRUM THRUM
TAP TAP TAP TAP
DID YOU GET THAT, BOO?

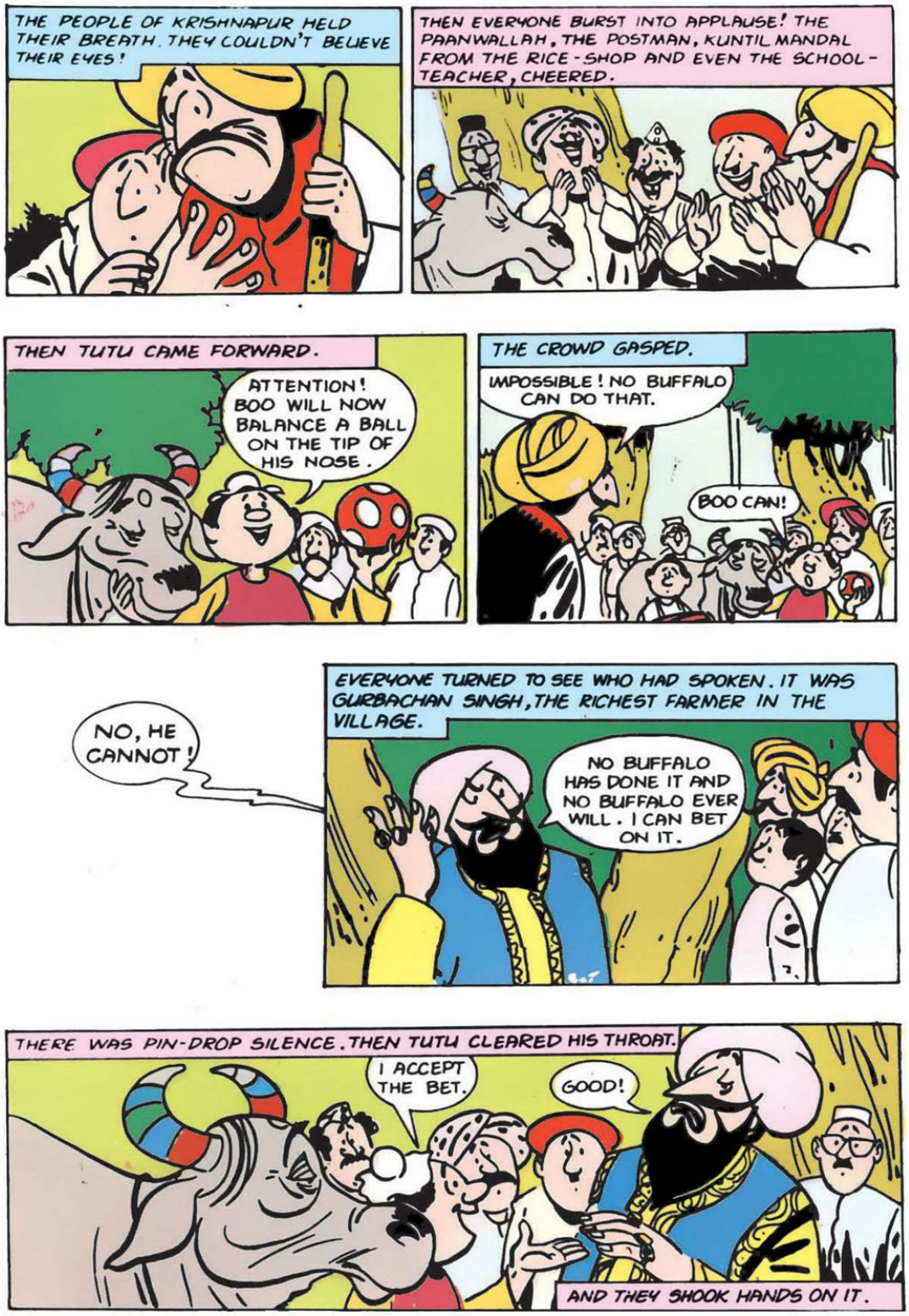
BOO STARED GRAVELY AT TUTU. THEN —
AAAH!
OH, COME ON NOW! PAY ATTENTION, BOO. LET'S TRY AGAIN.
COME ON, TRY.
THRUM THRUM DHRUM DHRUM
TAP TAP TAP TAP
YOU CAN DO IT. I'M SURE YOU CAN.
BUT BOO JUST LOWERED HIS HEAD AND BEGAN TO CROP THE GRASS.
BOO, PLEASE LOOK AT ME. I'LL LIFT YOUR LEGS FOR YOU...
...THIS WAY, THAT WAY; THIS WAY, THAT WAY. NOW AGAIN!

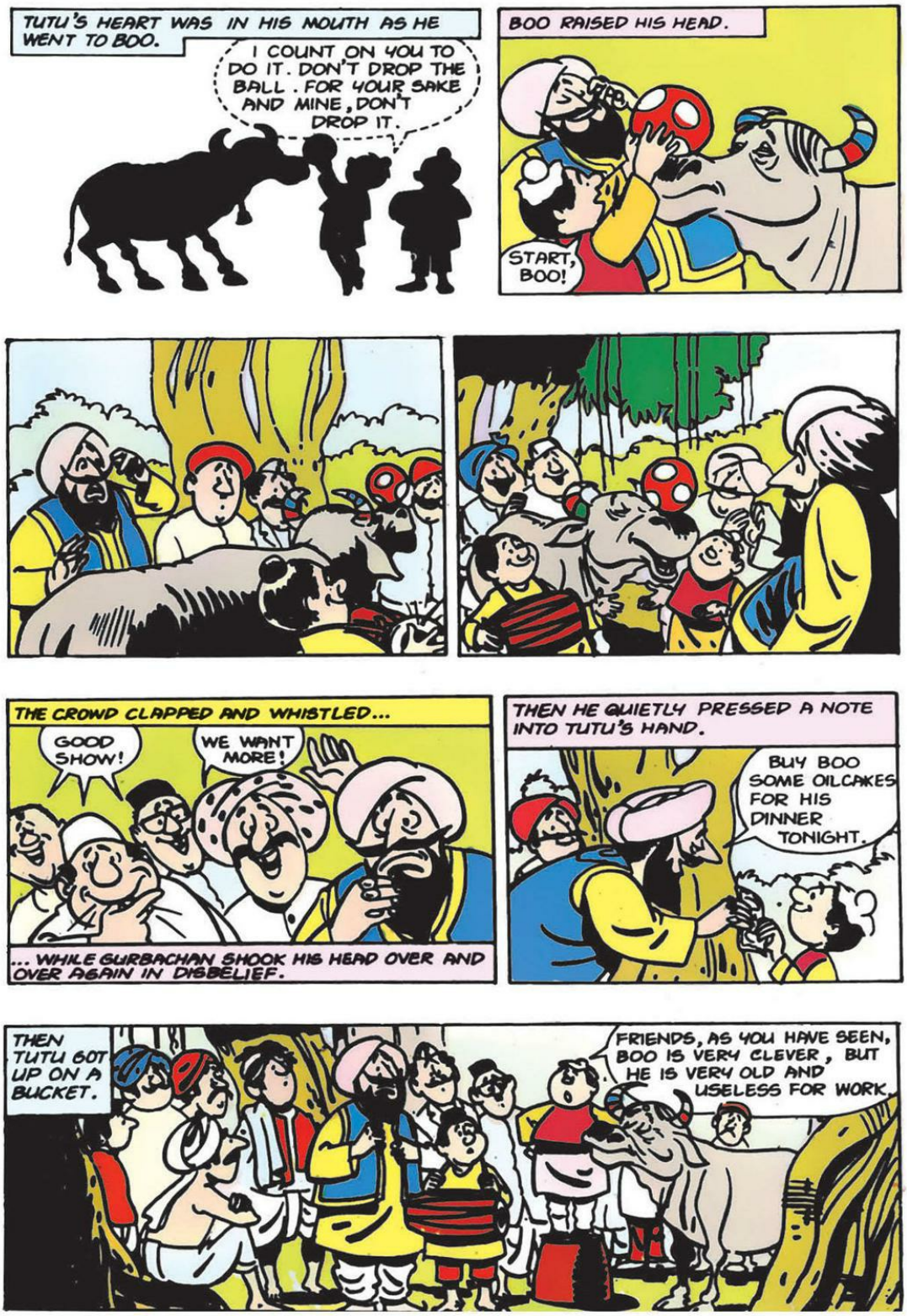
SO LASSI STARTED TO BEAT THE DRUM AGAIN AND TUTU DANCED, BUT BOO DID NOT MOVE AN INCH!
TUTU, IT'S NO USE. I GIVE UP.
TUTU TURNED TO LASSI, TEARS GLISTENED IN HIS EYES.
OH LASSI, NO! WE HAVE TO TEACH HIM. HE HAS TO LEARN IT. THAT'S THE ONLY CHANCE WE'VE GOT.
THE FRIENDS TAUGHT BOO THE WHOLE AFTERNOON AND ALL THROUGH THE NEXT DAY AND THE WHOLE WEEK.
BUT BOO DID NOT LIFT HIS FEET.
TUTU, I GIVE UP. IT'S HOPELESS. THE FELLOW IS TOO STUPID TO LEARN ANYTHING.
LET'S GO HOME!
AND THE NEXT MOMENT—
LASSI, LASSI LOOK.
ZING!

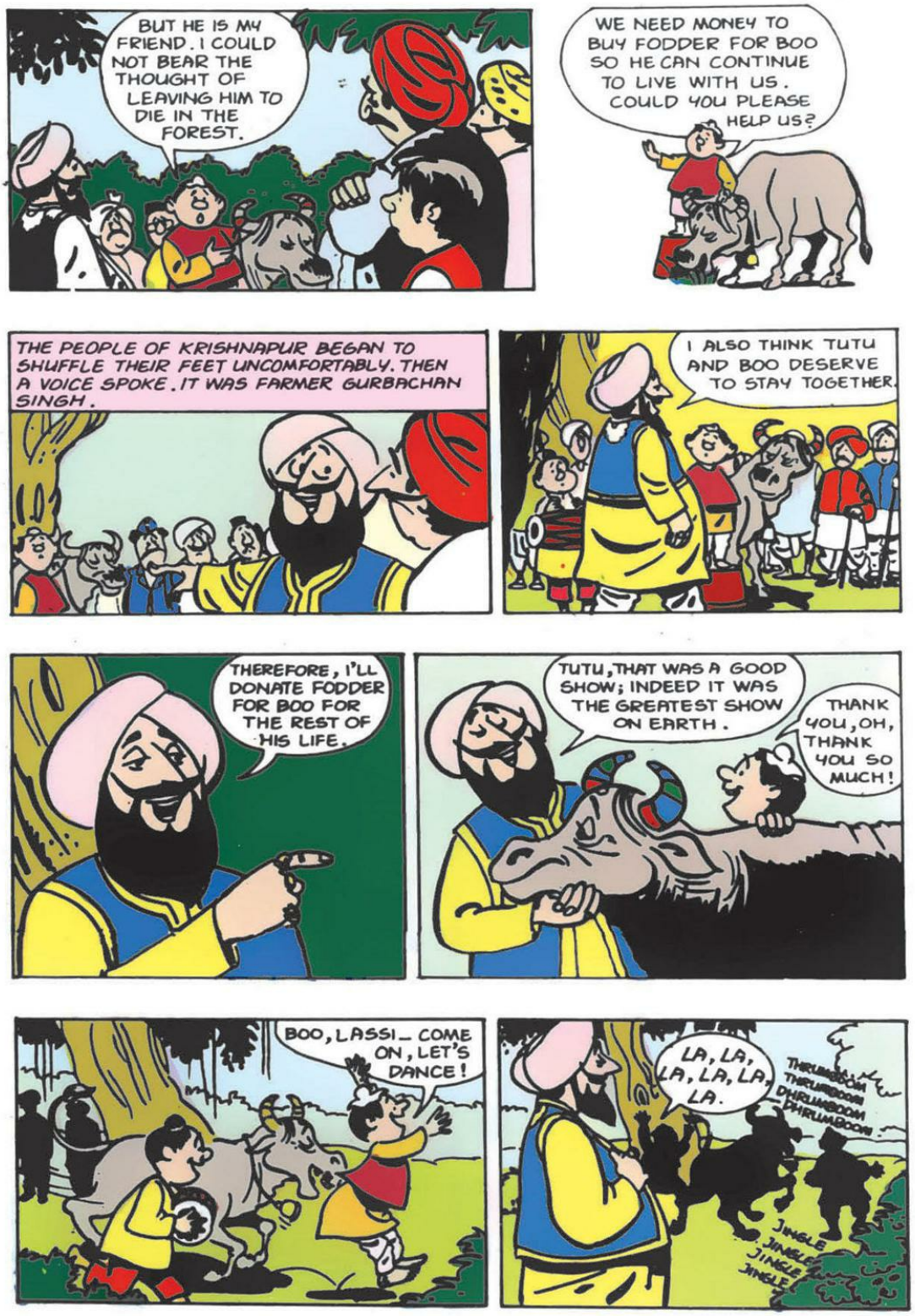

TUTU, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT !
AND SURE ENOUGH, BOO BEGAN TO DANCE.
HE DID IT. HE DID IT.
JINGLE JINGLE JING JING
THRUM THRUM DHRUM DHRUM
JINGLE JINGLE JING JING
THRUM THRUM DHRUM DHRUM
HE DID IT. WE MADE IT.
OH, BOO, THAT WAS PERFECT.
IF BOO COULD LEARN DANCING, THEN WHY NOT OTHER TRICKS AS WELL? AND SO THE TRAINING OF BOO BEGAN.
BUT FINALLY THE DAY CAME WHEN_
YES, SUNDAY SHOULD BE THE DAY.
THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH. WE ARE READY.


SO TEARING FOUR PAGES OUT OF THEIR OLD COPY BOOKS, LASSI BROUGHT OUT HIS RED AND BLUE INK PENS AND SET TO WORK.
THAT'S IT!
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!
BOO THE WONDER BUFFALO
SHOWS HIS WONDERFUL TRICKS!
IT IS UNBELIEVABLE, BUT TRUE!
FIRST SHOW ON SUNDAY AT
4 O'CLOCK UNDER THE THREE
BANYAN TREES!
ENTRANCE 20 PAISA!
ALL ARE WELCOME!
DONATIONS ARE WELCOME TOO!
I WISH I COULD ADD 'ART AND MUSIC DIRECTOR: LASSI KATTA SINGH', BUT THERE IS NO SPACE LEFT.
THE TWO FRIENDS PASTED THE FIRST POSTER BY THE SCHOOL DOOR (WHEN THE TEACHER WAS NOT AROUND!); THE SECOND ON THE POST-BOX; THE THIRD IN KUNTIL MANDAL'S RICE SHOP AND THE FOURTH AT THE PAANWALLAH'S SHOP.
AND THAT SUNDAY—
OIL

HOW WONDERFUL BOO LOOKED AS THE BOYS MARCHED HIM PROUDLY DOWN TO THE THREE BANYAN TREES!
AND WHAT A CROWD HAD GATHERED! ALMOST EVERYBODY IN KRISHNAPUR WAS THERE.
HERE THEY COME! HURRAH! WHAT CAN THE WONDER BUFFALO DO?
PERHAPS HE CAN LAY A GOLD EGG!
HA, HA, HA! HO, HO, HO!
TUTU IGNORED THE SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER. THEN —
SILENCE PLEASE! THE PERFORMANCE WILL NOW BEGIN.
BOO, BOO, DO YOUR BEST. DANCE, DANCE!
BUT BOO STOOD MOTIONLESS AND GAZED AT THE CROWD.
THEN SLOWLY, HE RAISED HIS HOOF AND —


THE PEOPLE OF KRISHNAPUR HELD THEIR BREATH. THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE THEIR EYES!
THEN EVERYONE BURST INTO APPLAUSE! THE PAANWALLAH, THE POSTMAN, KUNTIL MANDAL FROM THE RICE-SHOP AND EVEN THE SCHOOL-TEACHER, CHEERED.
THEN TUTU CAME FORWARD.
ATTENTION! BOO WILL NOW BALANCE A BALL ON THE TIP OF HIS NOSE.
THE CROWD GASPED.
IMPOSSIBLE! NO BUFFALO CAN DO THAT.
BOO CAN!
NO, HE CANNOT!
EVERYONE TURNED TO SEE WHO HAD SPOKEN. IT WAS GURBACHAN SINGH, THE RICHEST FARMER IN THE VILLAGE.
NO BUFFALO HAS DONE IT AND NO BUFFALO EVER WILL. I CAN BET ON IT.
THERE WAS PIN-DROP SILENCE. THEN TUTU CLEARED HIS THROAT.
I ACCEPT THE BET.
GOOD!
AND THEY SHOOK HANDS ON IT.


TUTU'S HEART WAS IN HIS MOUTH AS HE WENT TO BOO.
I COUNT ON YOU TO DO IT. DON'T DROP THE BALL. FOR YOUR SAKE AND MINE, DON'T DROP IT.
BOO RAISED HIS HEAD.
START, BOO!
THE CROWD CLAPPED AND WHISTLED...
GOOD SHOW!
WE WANT MORE!
... WHILE GURBACHAN SHOOK HIS HEAD OVER AND OVER AGAIN IN DISBELIEF.
THEN HE QUIETLY PRESSED A NOTE INTO TUTU'S HAND.
BUY BOO SOME OILCAKES FOR HIS DINNER TONIGHT.
THEN TUTU GOT UP ON A BUCKET.
FRIENDS, AS YOU HAVE SEEN, BOO IS VERY CLEVER, BUT HE IS VERY OLD AND USELESS FOR WORK.

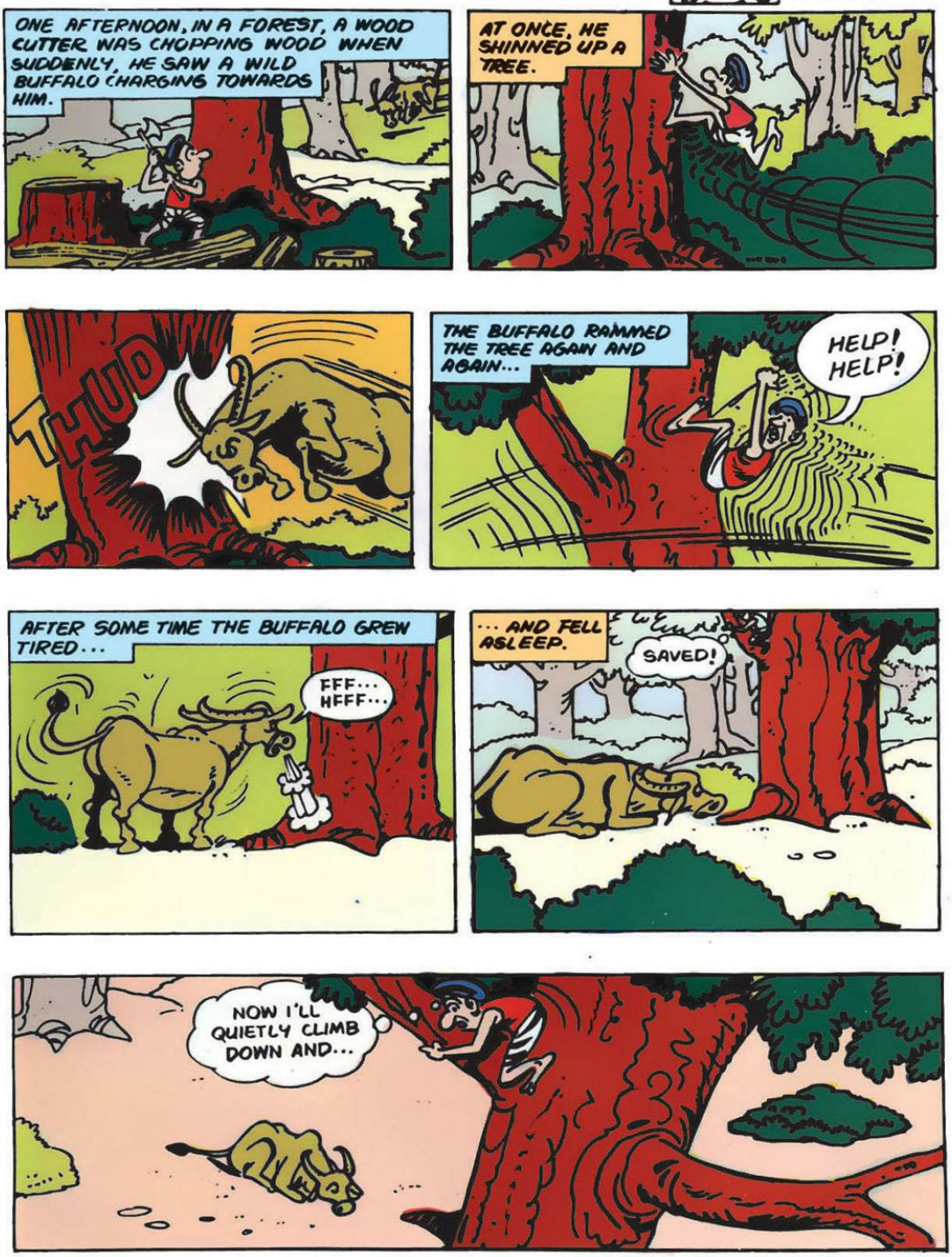

BUT HE IS MY FRIEND. I COULD NOT BEAR THE THOUGHT OF LEAVING HIM TO DIE IN THE FOREST.
WE NEED MONEY TO BUY FODDER FOR BOO SO HE CAN CONTINUE TO LIVE WITH US. COULD YOU PLEASE HELP US?
THE PEOPLE OF KRISHNAPUR BEGAN TO SHUFFLE THEIR FEET UNCOMFORTABLY. THEN A VOICE SPOKE. IT WAS FARMER GURBACHAN SINGH.
I ALSO THINK TUTU AND BOO DESERVE TO STAY TOGETHER.
THEREFORE, I'LL DONATE FODDER FOR BOO FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.
TUTU, THAT WAS A GOOD SHOW; INDEED IT WAS THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.
THANK YOU, OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH!
BOO, LASSI – COME ON, LET'S DANCE!
LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA.
THRUMBOOM THRUMBOOM DHRUMBOOM DHRUMBOOM
JINGLE JINGLE JINGLE JINGLE

Readers' Choice

THE MONEYLENDER MEETS HIS MATCH

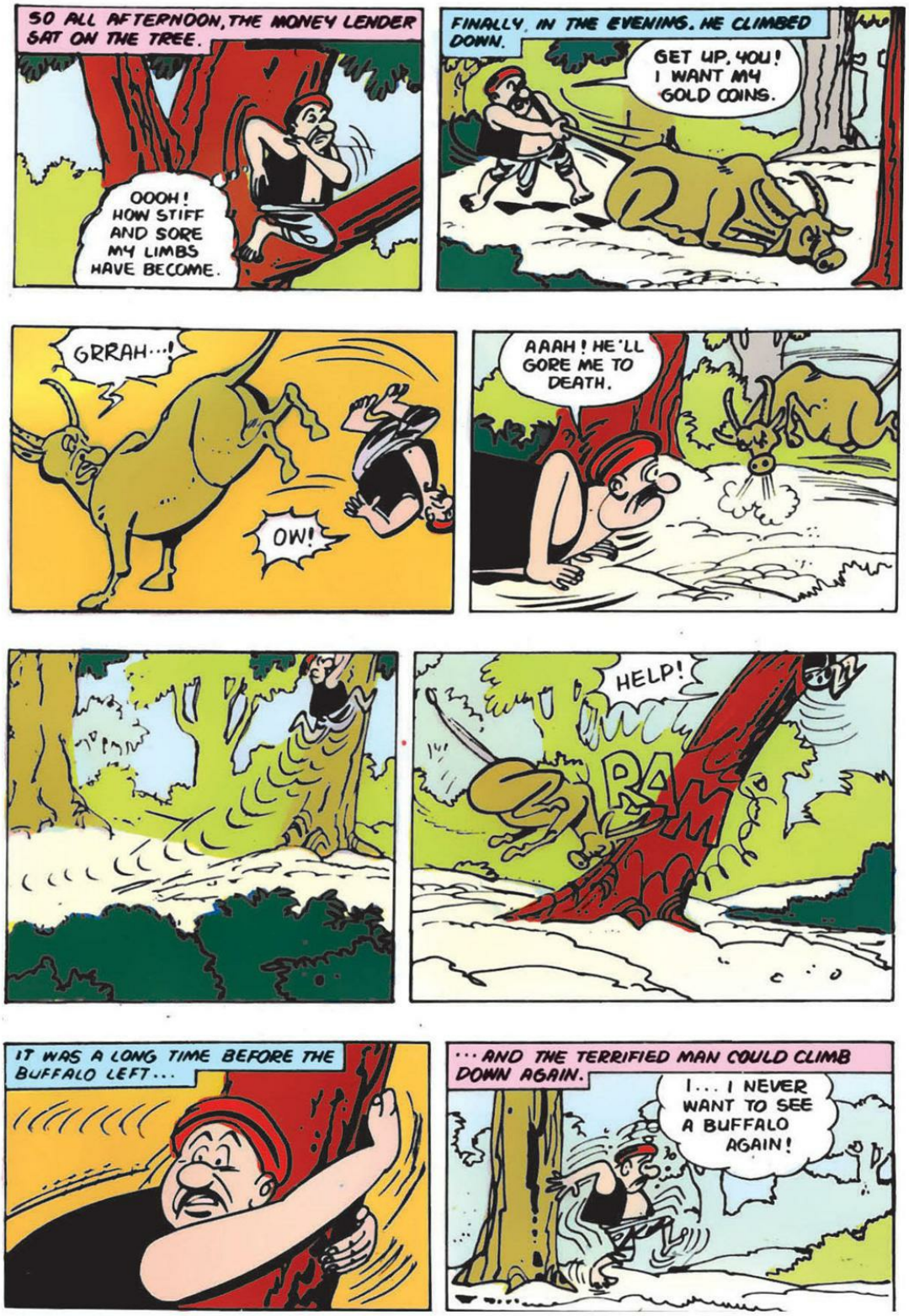
Illustrations Ram Waeerkar

Based on a story sent by Arup Jyoti, Nagaland



...HUH! HERE'S DAYARAM, THE MONEY-LENDER!
I'LL PLAY A TRICK ON HIM... HEE HEE HEE!
SSSH...
?
SSSH! UP HERE.
OH, IT'S YOU...
HUSH! LOWER YOUR VOICE!
BUT, WHY...?
THAT IS THE KING'S BUFFALO YOU MUSTN'T WAKE HIM.
COME UP HERE IF YOU WANT TO MAKE SOME MONEY.
MONEY? OH, GOOD!

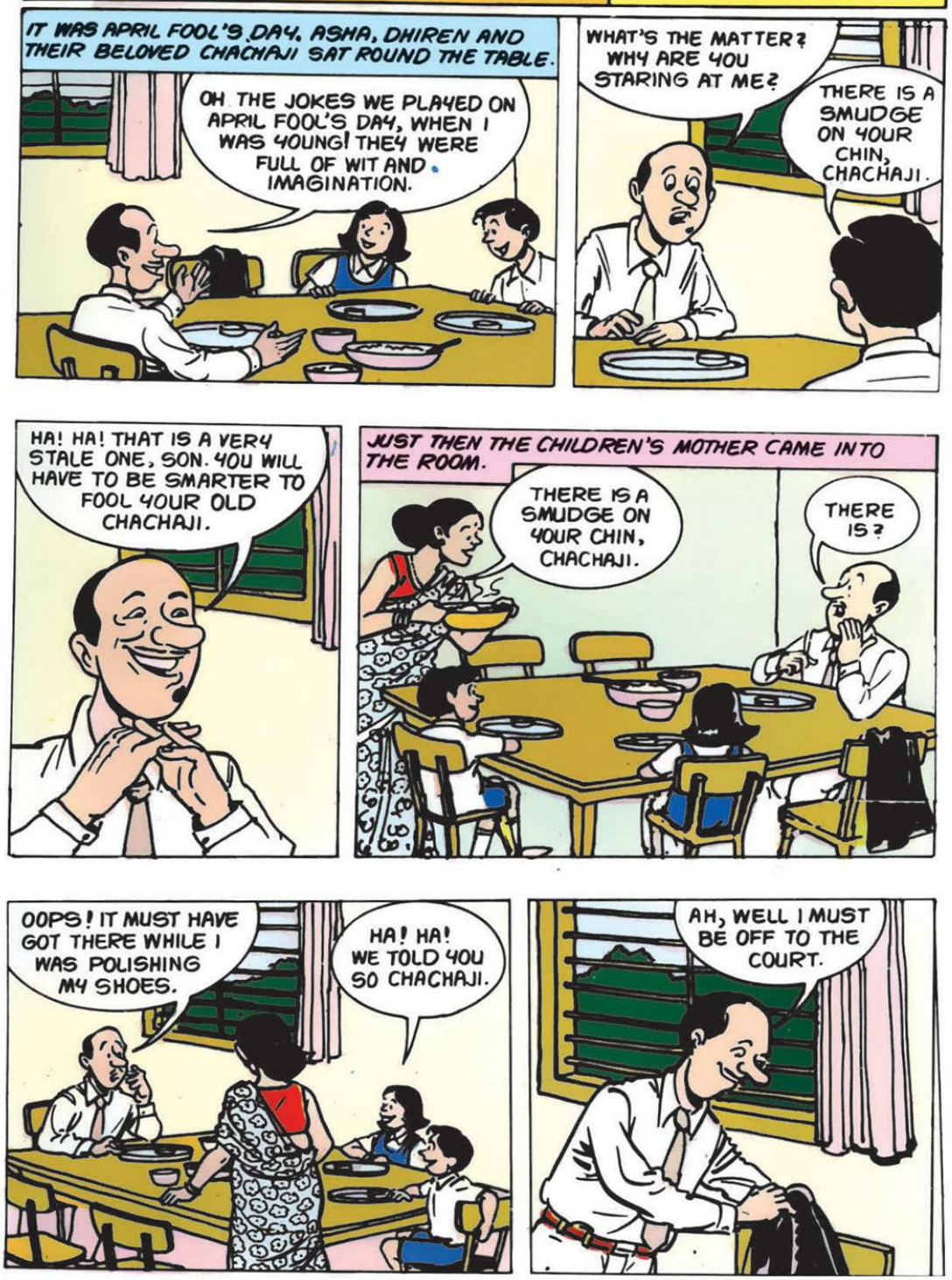
WHEN THE MAN HAD CLIMBED UP —
NOW LISTEN — FOR A MONTH NOW, I HAVE BEEN THE KEEPER OF THIS BUFFALO.
MY JOB IS MERELY TO SIT ON THIS TREE AND MIND IT. WHEN I TAKE IT BACK TO THE PALACE IN THE EVENING, THE KING GIVES ME A THOUSAND GOLD COINS.
A THOUSAND GOLD COINS? FOR ONLY A DAY'S WORK?
YES — THAT'S HOW PRECIOUS THIS BUFFALO IS!
HAVING DONE THIS JOB FOR SO LONG, I HAVE BECOME A RICH MAN.
NOW I FEEL I SHOULD LET SOMEBODY ELSE MAKE SOME MONEY TOO.
HOW THOUGHTFUL AND KIND YOU ARE! I WILL GLADLY TAKE UP THE JOB!
A WISE DECISION!
THE BRUTE IS STILL ASLEEP. GOOD!
AS QUIETLY AS HE COULD THE WOODCUTTER CLIMBED DOWN THE TREE.
I MUST SIT ALL DAY ON THIS TREE, YOU SAID?
SSSH... SSH ...YES, YES, OR YOU WON'T GET YOUR GOLD COINS.


SO ALL AFTERNOON, THE MONEY LENDER SAT ON THE TREE.
OOOH! HOW STIFF AND SORE MY LIMBS HAVE BECOME.
FINALLY, IN THE EVENING, HE CLIMBED DOWN.
GET UP, YOU! I WANT MY GOLD COINS.
GRRAH...!
OW!
AAAH! HE'LL GORE ME TO DEATH.
HELP!
RAM
IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE THE BUFFALO LEFT...
...AND THE TERRIFIED MAN COULD CLIMB DOWN AGAIN.
I... I NEVER WANT TO SEE A BUFFALO AGAIN!

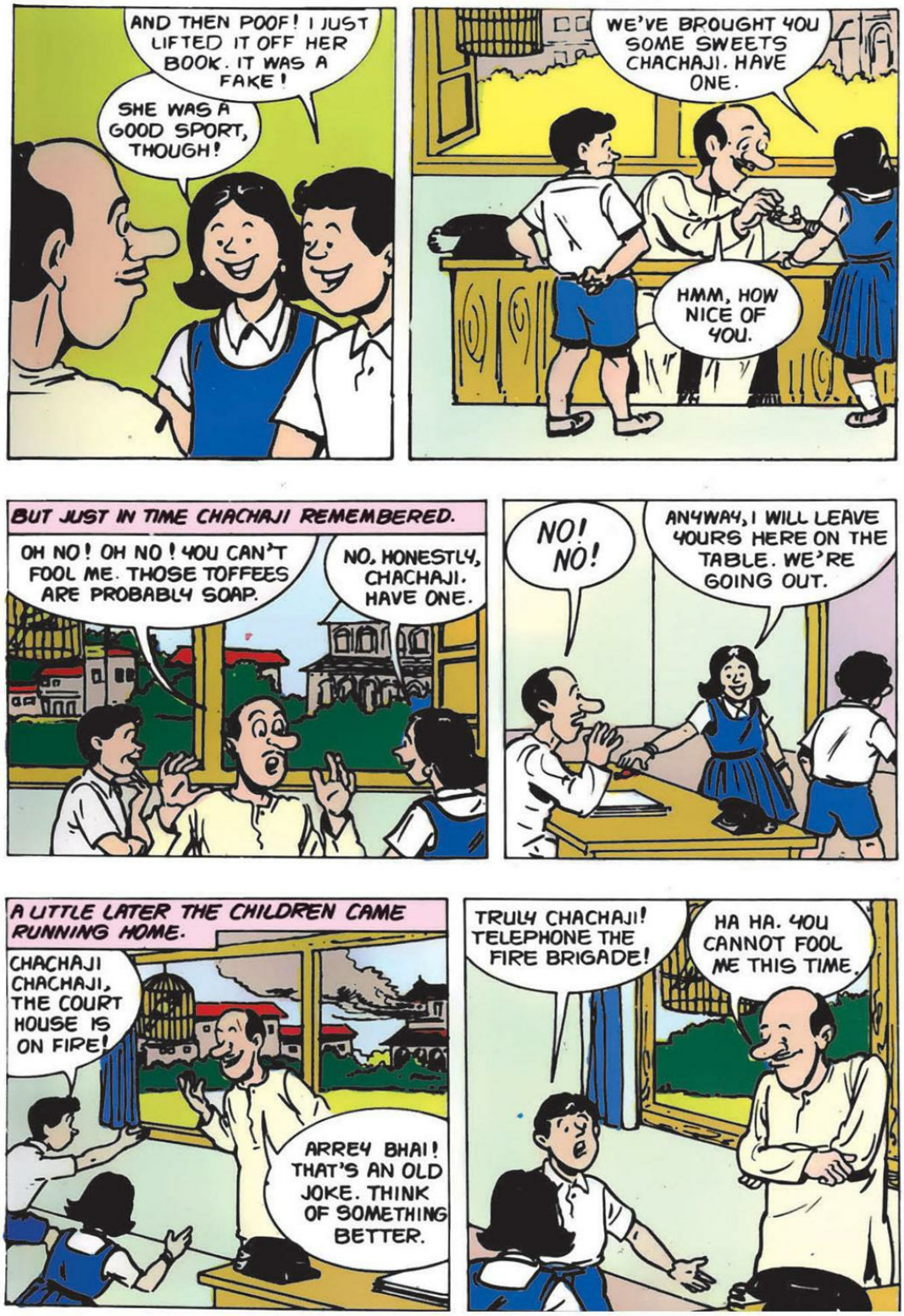
You can't Fool Chachaji

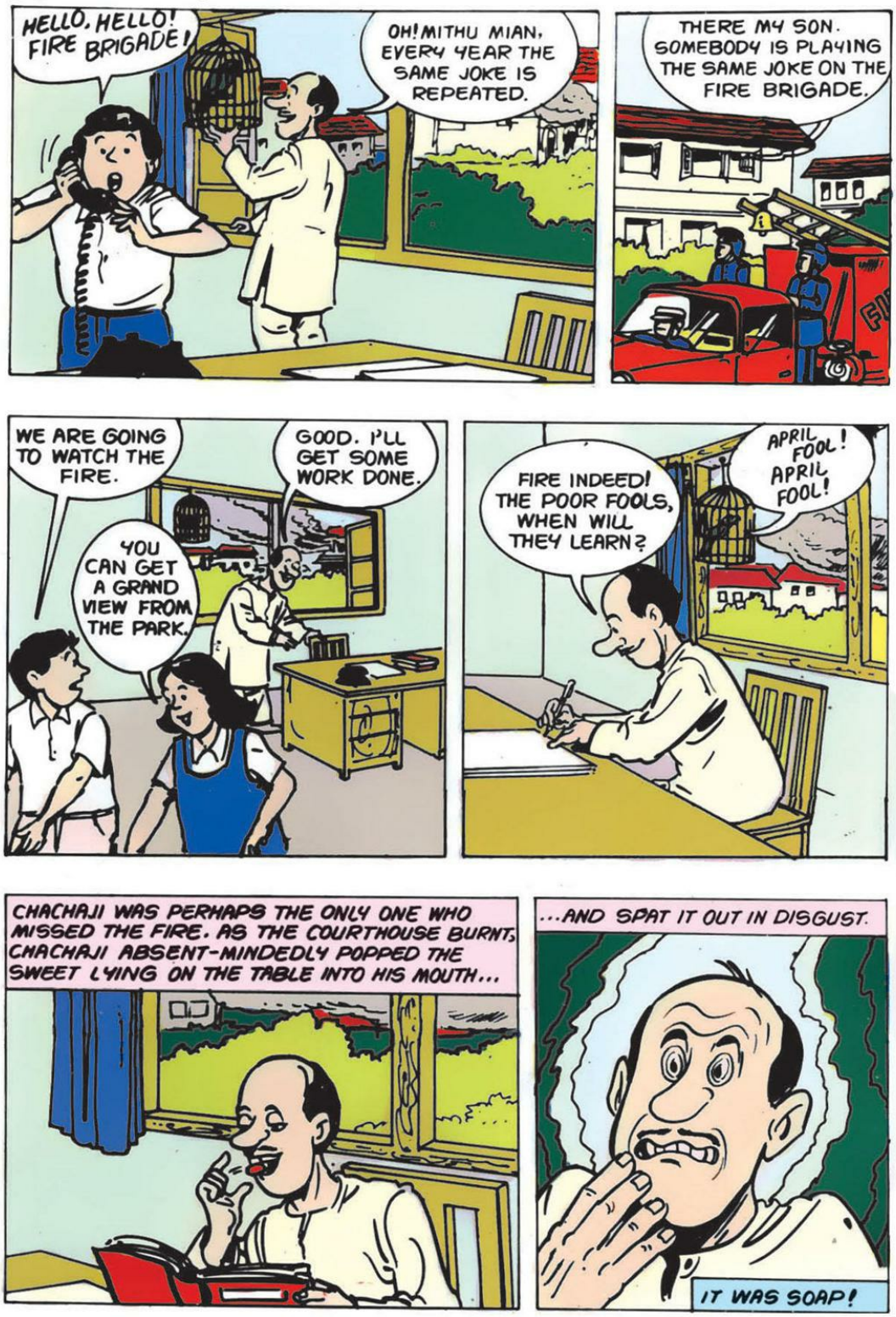
Illustrations: Ashok Dongre

This story by Margaret Bhatty won the Consolation Prize in the Tinkle Original Story Competition.

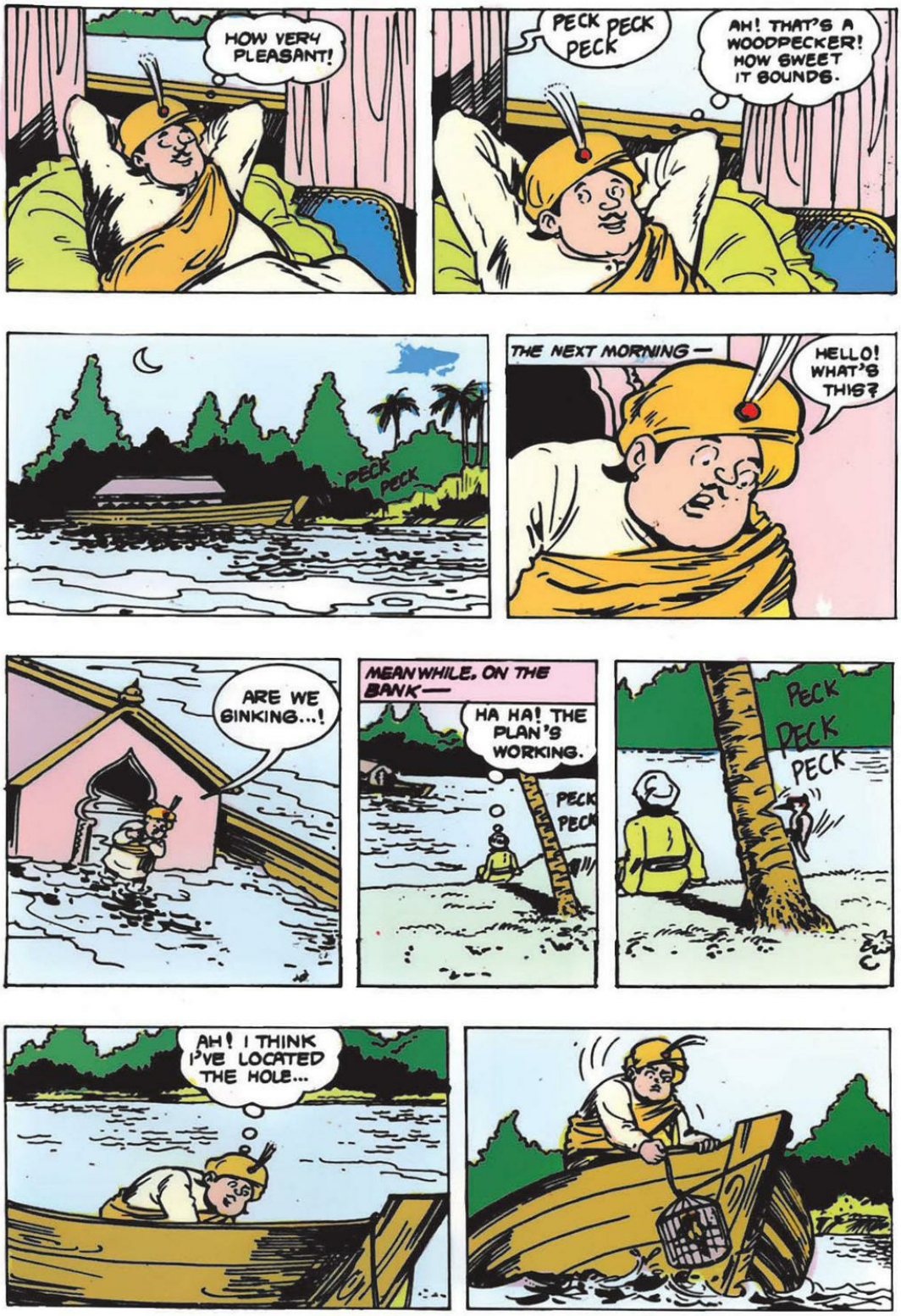


I HAVE AN IMPORTANT CASE.
GROAN! HOW CAN ANYONE GET SO FAT OVERNIGHT!
APRIL FOOL!
APRIL FOOL CHACHAJI!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WE SHIFTED THE POSITION OF YOUR BUTTONS BY THREE INCHES!
OH, YOU NAUGHTY CHILDREN!
THAT WAS A MEAN THING TO DO.
FORTUNATELY, I HAVE ANOTHER COAT.
THAT EVENING THE CHILDREN CAME HOME FROM SCHOOL FULL OF GLEE.
OH, CHACHAJI, THE JOKES WE PLAYED!
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN OUR TEACHER'S FACE WHEN SHE SAW THE UGLY INKBLOT ON HER REGISTER!


AND THEN POOF! I JUST LIFTED IT OFF HER BOOK. IT WAS A FAKE!
SHE WAS A GOOD SPORT, THOUGH!
WE'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME SWEETS CHACHAJI. HAVE ONE.
HMM, HOW NICE OF YOU.
BUT JUST IN TIME CHACHAJI REMEMBERED.
OH NO! OH NO! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME. THOSE TOFFEES ARE PROBABLY SOAP.
NO, HONESTLY, CHACHAJI. HAVE ONE.
NO! NO!
ANYWAY, I WILL LEAVE YOURS HERE ON THE TABLE. WE'RE GOING OUT.
A LITTLE LATER THE CHILDREN CAME RUNNING HOME.
CHACHAJI CHACHAJI, THE COURT HOUSE IS ON FIRE!
ARREY BHAI! THAT'S AN OLD JOKE. THINK OF SOMETHING BETTER.
TRULY CHACHAJI! TELEPHONE THE FIRE BRIGADE!
HA HA. YOU CANNOT FOOL ME THIS TIME.


HELLO, HELLO! FIRE BRIGADE!
OH! MITHU MIAN, EVERY YEAR THE SAME JOKE IS REPEATED.
THERE MY SON. SOMEBODY IS PLAYING THE SAME JOKE ON THE FIRE BRIGADE.
WE ARE GOING TO WATCH THE FIRE.
GOOD. I'LL GET SOME WORK DONE.
YOU CAN GET A GRAND VIEW FROM THE PARK.
FIRE INDEED! THE POOR FOOLS, WHEN WILL THEY LEARN?
APRIL FOOL! APRIL FOOL!
CHACHAJI WAS PERHAPS THE ONLY ONE WHO MISSED THE FIRE. AS THE COURTHOUSE BURNT, CHACHAJI ABSENT-MINDEDLY POPPED THE SWEET LYING ON THE TABLE INTO HIS MOUTH...
...AND SPAT IT OUT IN DISGUST.
IT WAS SOAP!

TANTRI
THE MANTRI
Script: Dev Nadkarni
Illustrations: Ashok Dongre
THE WEATHER IS VERY WARM, ISN'T IT, TANTRI?
YES, YOUR MAJESTY, MUCH TOO WARM.
I THINK I'LL SPEND THE WEEK-END ALONE IN MY HOUSEBOAT ON THE LAKE.
AN EXCELLENT IDEA!
A FEW DAYS LATER—
THE KING LEAVES TOMORROW AND I HAVEN'T EVEN PLANNED HOW TO PREVENT HIS RETURN!
HOW DOES ONE SINK A HOUSEBOAT IN THE CENTRE OF A LAKE?
I HAVE IT!
THE NEXT DAY—
...AND TAKE GOOD CARE OF AFFAIRS WHILE I'M AWAY...
YOU CAN TRUST ME.
THAT DOES IT!

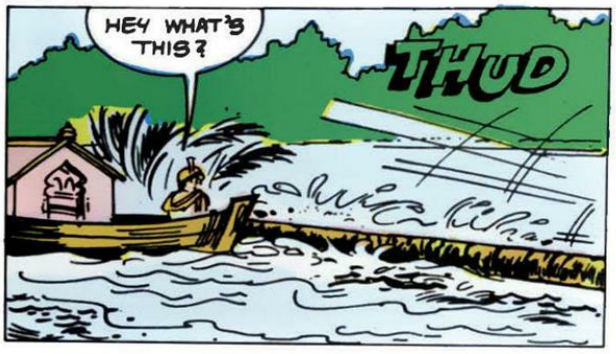

HOW VERY PLEASANT!
PECK PECK PECK
AH! THAT'S A WOODPECKER! HOW SWEET IT SOUNDS.
PECK PECK
THE NEXT MORNING —
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?
ARE WE SINKING...!
MEANWHILE, ON THE BANK —
HA HA! THE PLAN'S WORKING.
PECK PECK
PECK PECK PECK
AH! I THINK I'VE LOCATED THE HOLE...

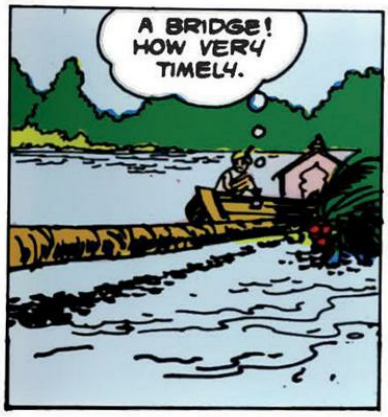
SO YOU'RE THE LITTLE CULPRIT... HOW DID YOU GET HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

MEANWHILE—
HE... HE'S DISCOVERED MY TRICK.
PECK
PECK
PECK
PECK

CRACK

I'LL HAVE TO SWIM ASHORE NOW...


HEY WHAT'S THIS?
THUD


A BRIDGE! HOW VERY TIMELY.

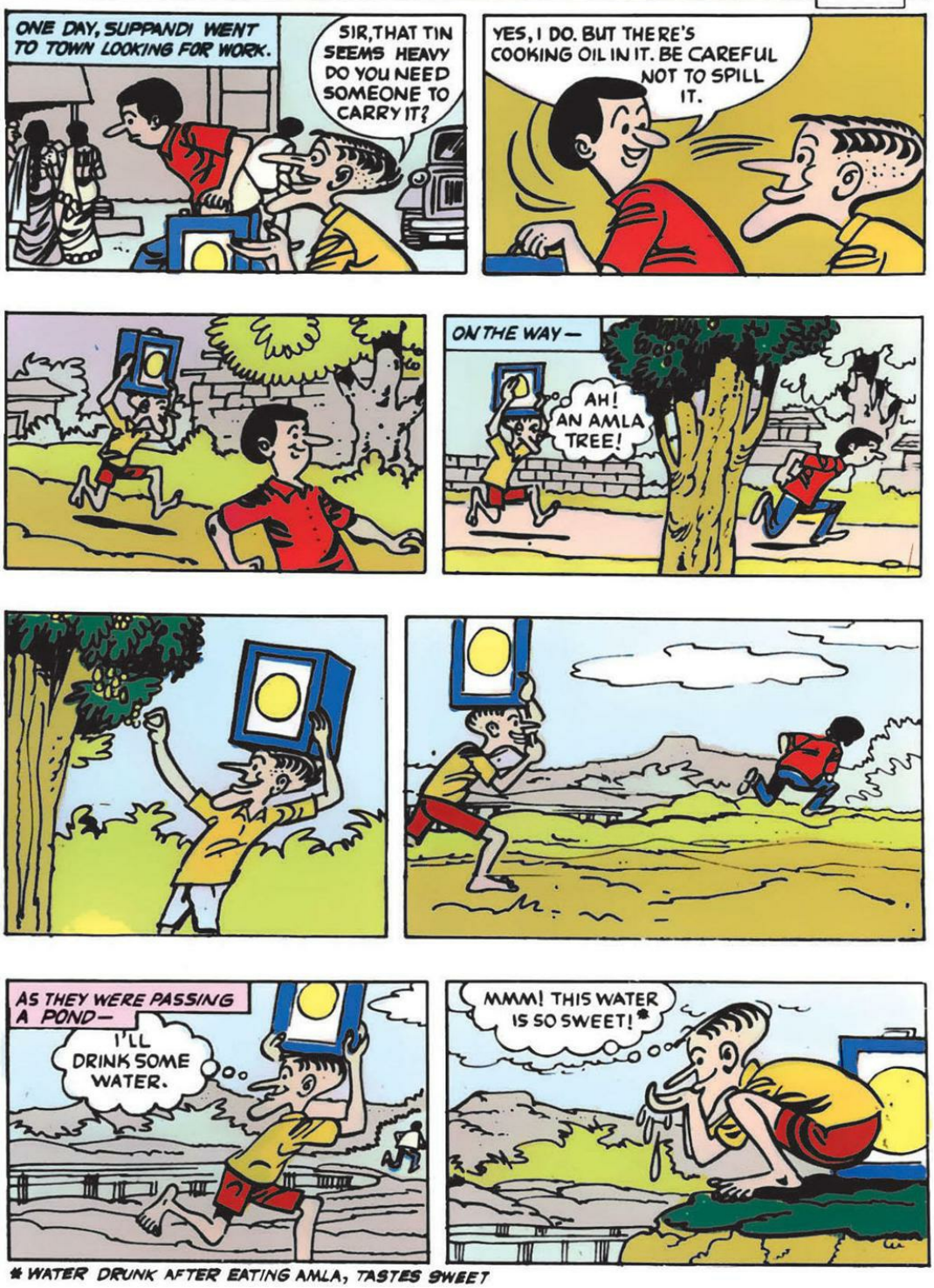
THIS IS GREAT.

OH, TANTRI! HOW VERY RESOURCEFUL YOU ARE!

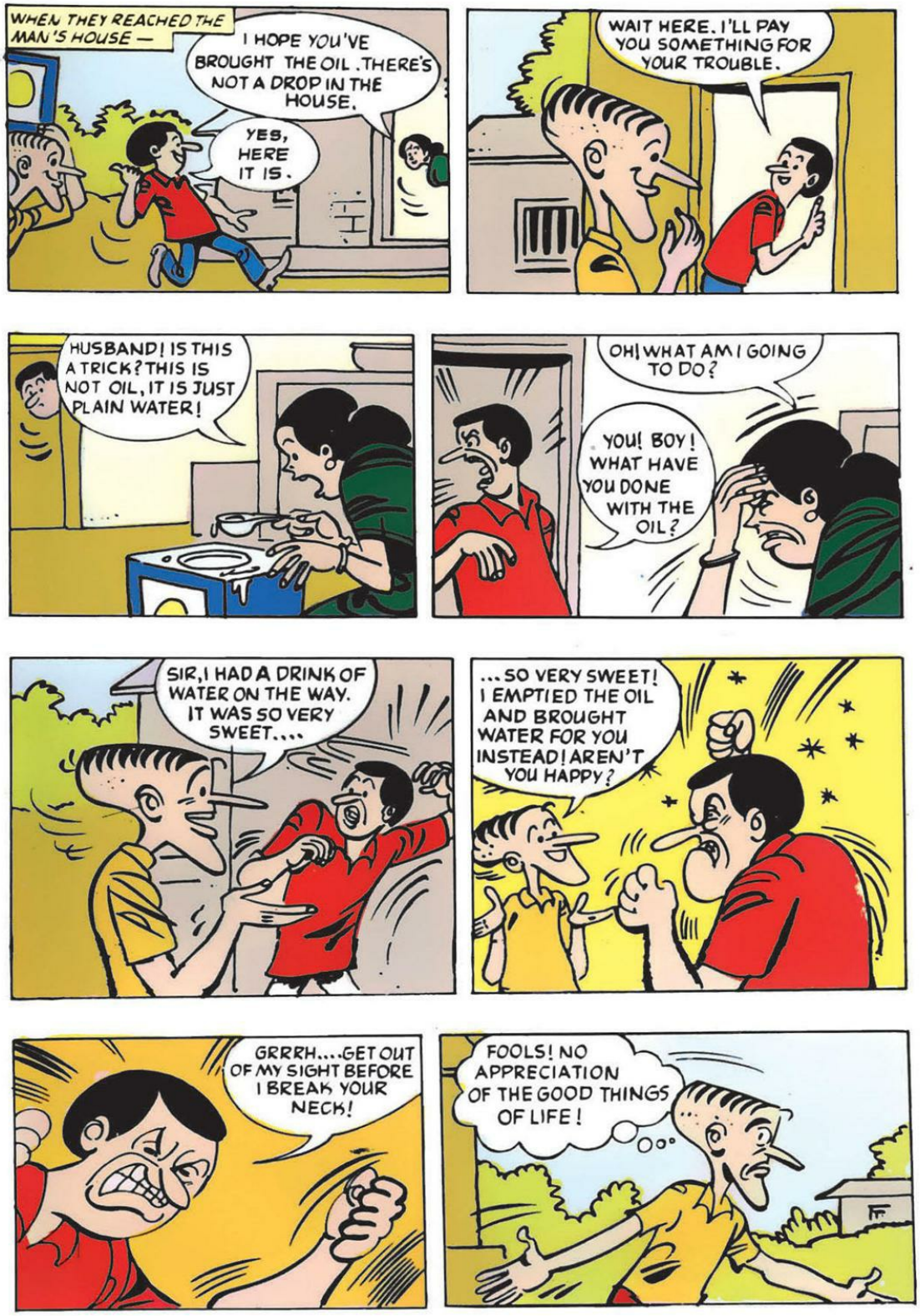
YOU REALLY LOVE YOUR KING!

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPPANDI - 5

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar Based on a story sent by K. Bhagatchandra Singh, Goa



* WATER DRUNK AFTER EATING AMLA, TASTES SWEET


WHEN THEY REACHED THE MAN'S HOUSE —
I HOPE YOU'VE BROUGHT THE OIL. THERE'S NOT A DROP IN THE HOUSE.
YES, HERE IT IS.
WAIT HERE. I'LL PAY YOU SOMETHING FOR YOUR TROUBLE.
HUSBAND! IS THIS A TRICK? THIS IS NOT OIL, IT IS JUST PLAIN WATER!
OH! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
YOU! BOY! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE OIL?
SIR, I HAD A DRINK OF WATER ON THE WAY. IT WAS SO VERY SWEET....
...SO VERY SWEET! I EMPTIED THE OIL AND BROUGHT WATER FOR YOU INSTEAD! AREN'T YOU HAPPY?
GRRRH....GET OUT OF MY SIGHT BEFORE I BREAK YOUR NECK!
FOOLS! NO APPRECIATION OF THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE!

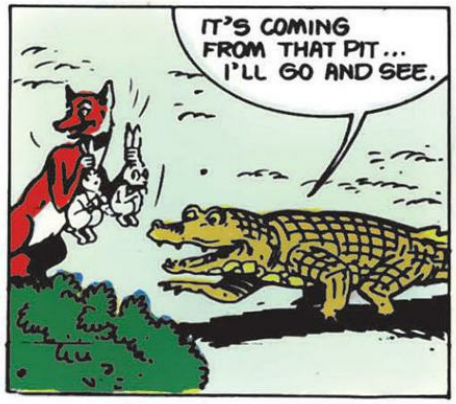
Kalia
THE CROW
Script
DEV NADKARNI
Illustrations
ASHOK DONGRE

HA, HA, THAT FIXES OUR MEAL FOR TODAY.
YES!
OH NO!

MUST DO SOMETHING!

SUDDENLY —
HELP! HELP! I'M STUCK.

HELP!
LOOKS LIKE IT'S OUR LUCKY DAY, DOOB DOOB FIND OUT WHO'S CALLING FOR HELP, WILL YOU?


IT'S COMING FROM THAT PIT... I'LL GO AND SEE.

KA... KALIA.
HELP ME GET OUT, DOOB DOOB! MY FOOT IS STUCK.

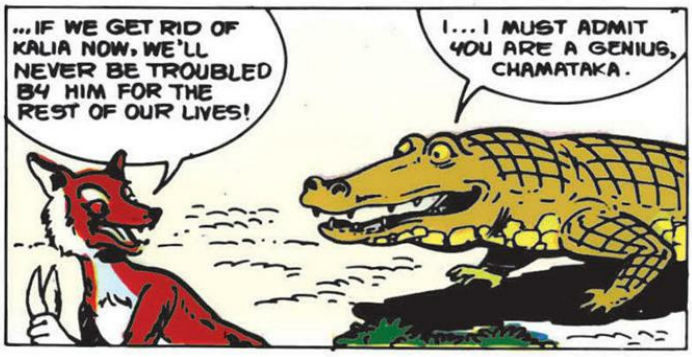
GOOD NEWS, CHAMATAKA!

GUESS WHO'S STUCK IN THAT PIT?
SHONAR? SUNDAR? SUNDARI?

WRONG! IT'S KALIA!
YOU DON'T SAY!

COME, COME. LET'S FINISH HIM OFF ONCE AND FOR ALL.
NOT BEFORE WE FINISH WITH THESE RABBITS!

DON'T BE AN ASS, DOOB DOOB! WE CAN EAT THE RABBITS LATER...


...IF WE GET RID OF KALIA NOW, WE'LL NEVER BE TROUBLED BY HIM FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES!
I... I MUST ADMIT YOU ARE A GENIUS, CHAMATAKA.

THANKS! NOW KEEP A WATCH OVER THE PIT WHILE I TIE UP THESE TWO TO THIS ROCK.
WHY?

SO THAT THEY DON'T RUN AWAY, SILLY.
WHY, OF COURSE.

THIS IS CALLED KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.
POOR KALIA.

HAVE YOU BROUGHT HELP, DOOB DOOB?

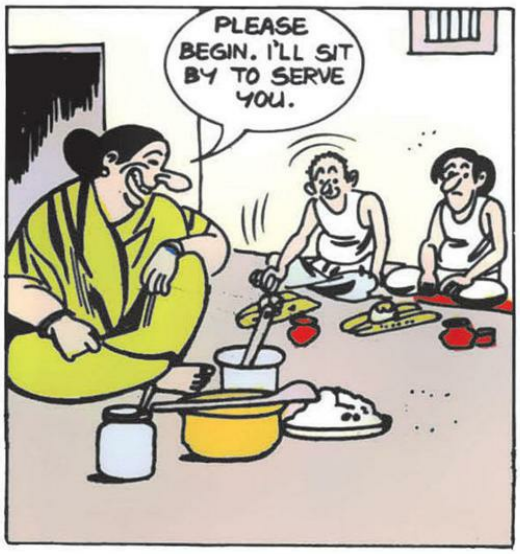
DON'T WORRY. CHAMATAKA IS ON HIS WAY.

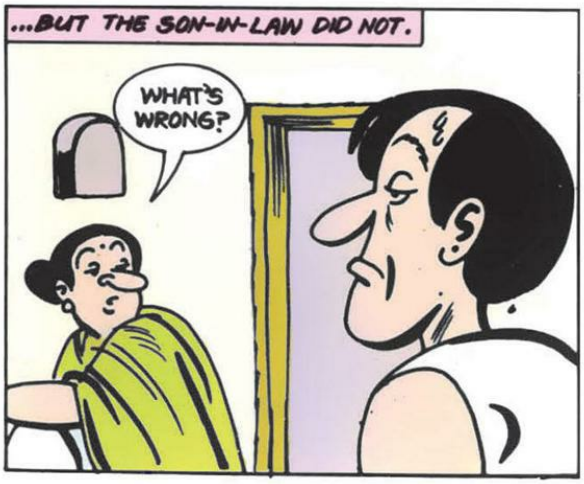
NOW, LOOK AT ME JUMP IN AND WRING THAT WILY FELLOW'S NECK.
GOOD LUCK.
THUD
I NEVER KNEW HE WAS ACTING ALL THE WHILE, CHAMATAKA.
WHAT SHOULD I DO NOW?
DROP YOUR TAIL INTO THE PIT SO THAT I CAN CLIMB OUT, YOU SILLY FOOL.
SLURRR
THUD
THANK YOU, KALIA! THAT WAS WONDERFUL!

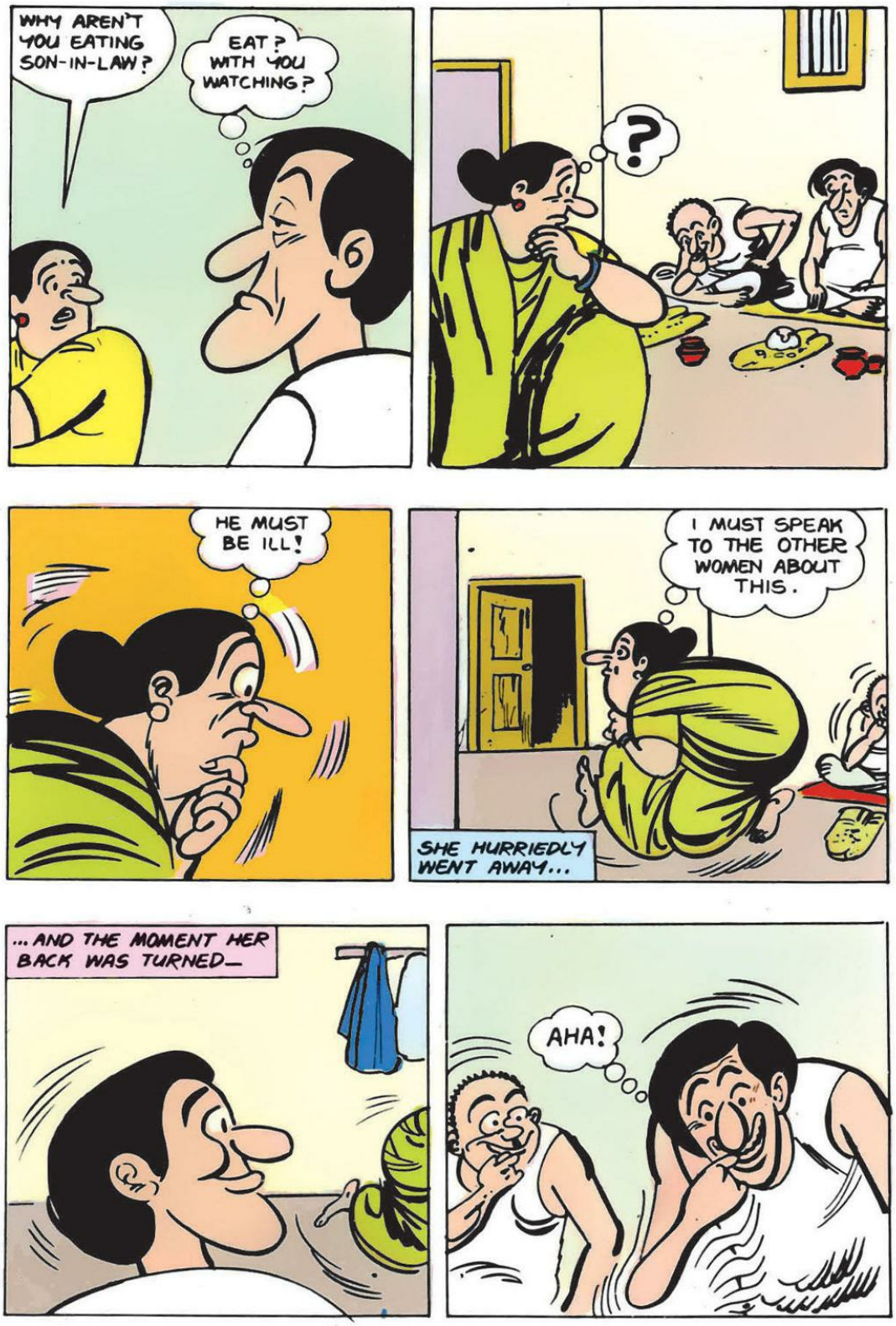
THE BASHFUL SON-IN-LAW

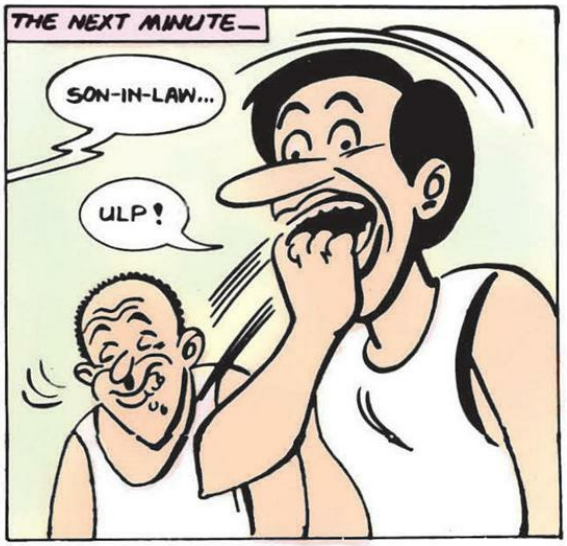
Script:
Gayatri Madan Dutt

Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar






WHY AREN'T YOU EATING SON-IN-LAW?
EAT? WITH YOU WATCHING?
?
HE MUST BE ILL!
I MUST SPEAK TO THE OTHER WOMEN ABOUT THIS.
SHE HURRIEDLY WENT AWAY...
...AND THE MOMENT HER BACK WAS TURNED—
AHA!


THE NEXT MINUTE—
SON-IN-LAW...
ULP!

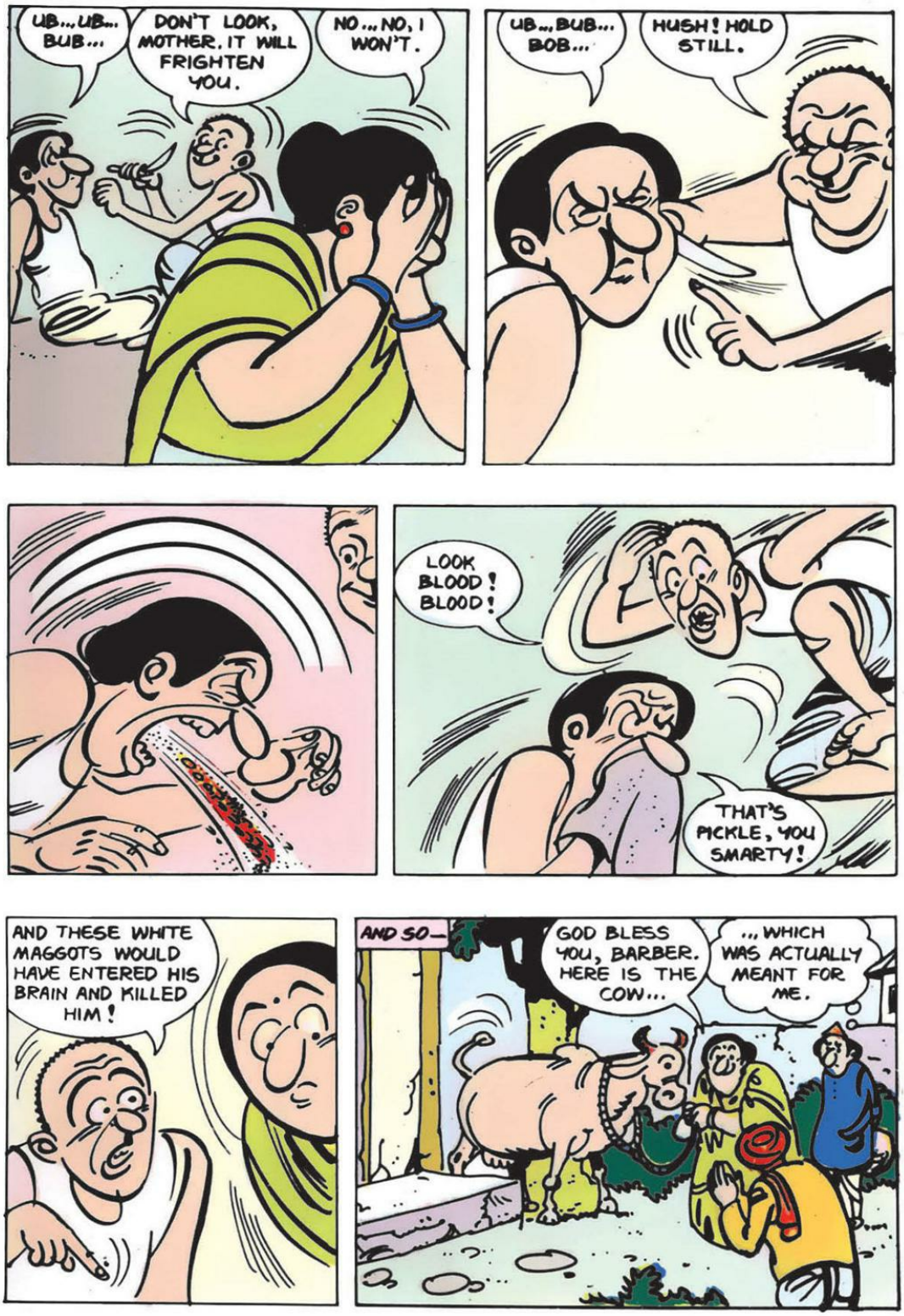
... THE OTHERS FEEL THAT YOU MAY HAVE A TUMMY-UPSET. IS THAT WHAT'S WRONG?

OH! WHAT IS IT, MY CHILD?
HOW CAN I MUNCH IN FRONT OF HER?

SPEAK TO ME, CHILD. SPEAK!
BUT MY MOUTH'S FULL.

HE CAN'T SPEAK! AND LOOK— HIS CHEEKS ARE SWOLLEN...

...HELP! HELP! HE'S SERIOUSLY ILL. GET A DOCTOR.
MOTHER, WAIT. I'LL CURE HIM FOR YOU.
LET ME DIAGNOSE HIS CONDITION, FIRST.
OH, GOD! HE HAS TUMOURS IN HIS CHEEKS!
WHAT!
O GOOD BARBER, CURE HIM AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE COW I KEPT SPECIALLY FOR MY SON-IN-LAW.
HMM...! MY SHAVING SCALPELS ARE SHARP ENOUGH FOR THE JOB.


UB... UB... BUB...
DON'T LOOK, MOTHER. IT WILL FRIGHTEN YOU.
NO... NO, I WON'T.
UB... BUB... BOB...
HUSH! HOLD STILL.
LOOK BLOOD! BLOOD!
THAT'S PICKLE, YOU SMARTY!
AND THESE WHITE MAGGOTS WOULD HAVE ENTERED HIS BRAIN AND KILLED HIM!
AND SO—
GOD BLESS YOU, BARBER. HERE IS THE COW...
... WHICH WAS ACTUALLY MEANT FOR ME.

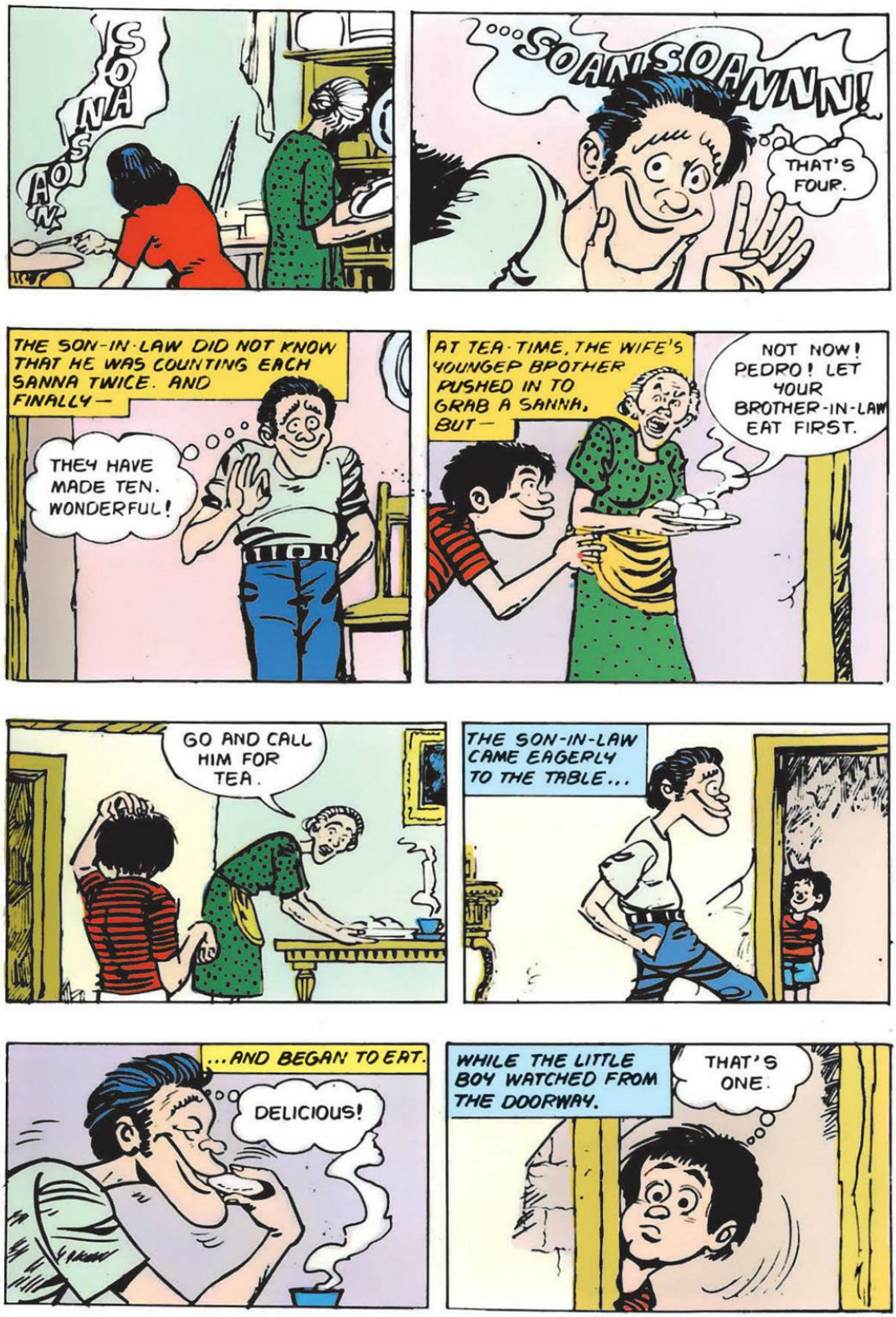
HE COUNTED BEFORE EATING

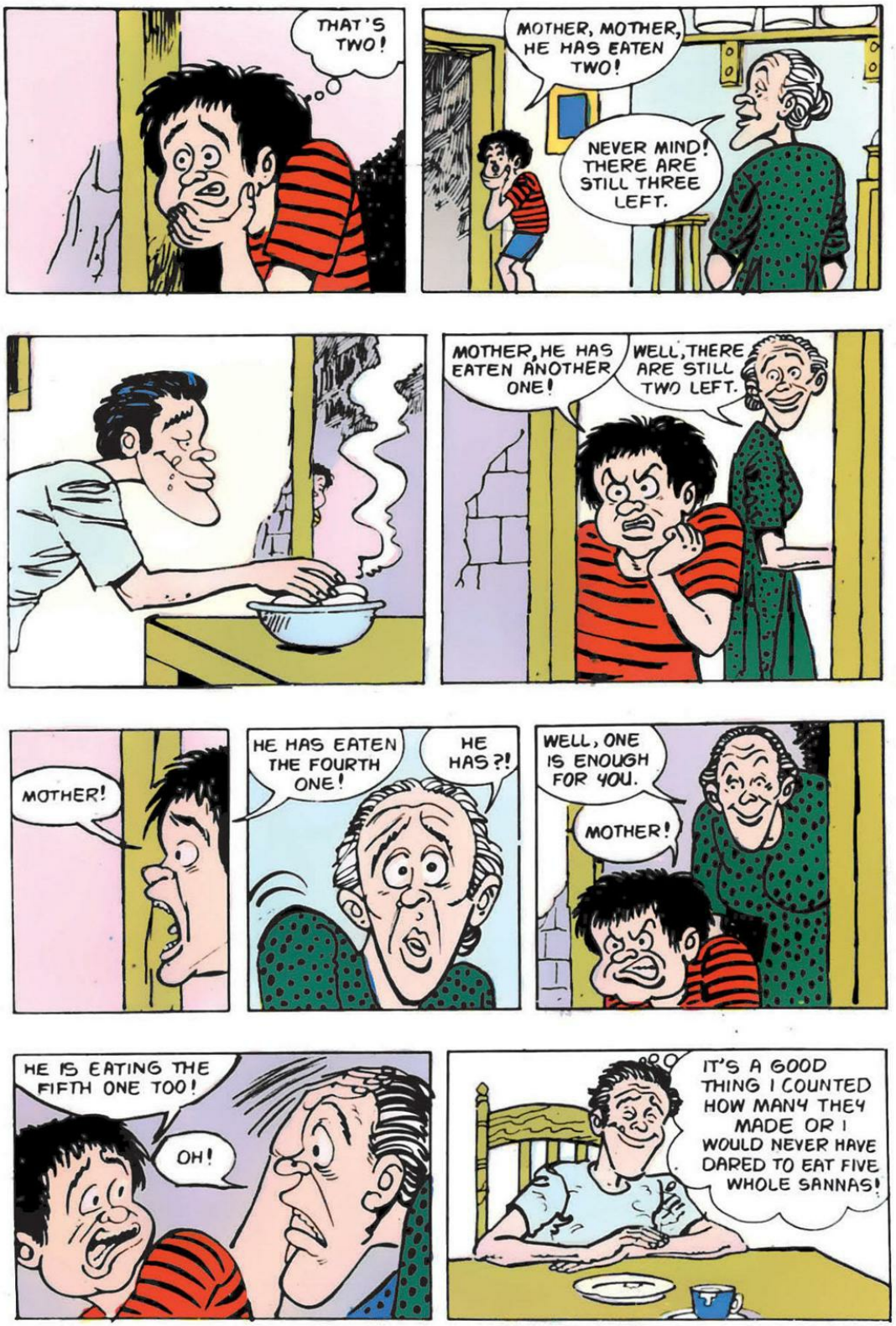
A folktale from Goa

Script:
Luis M. Fernandes

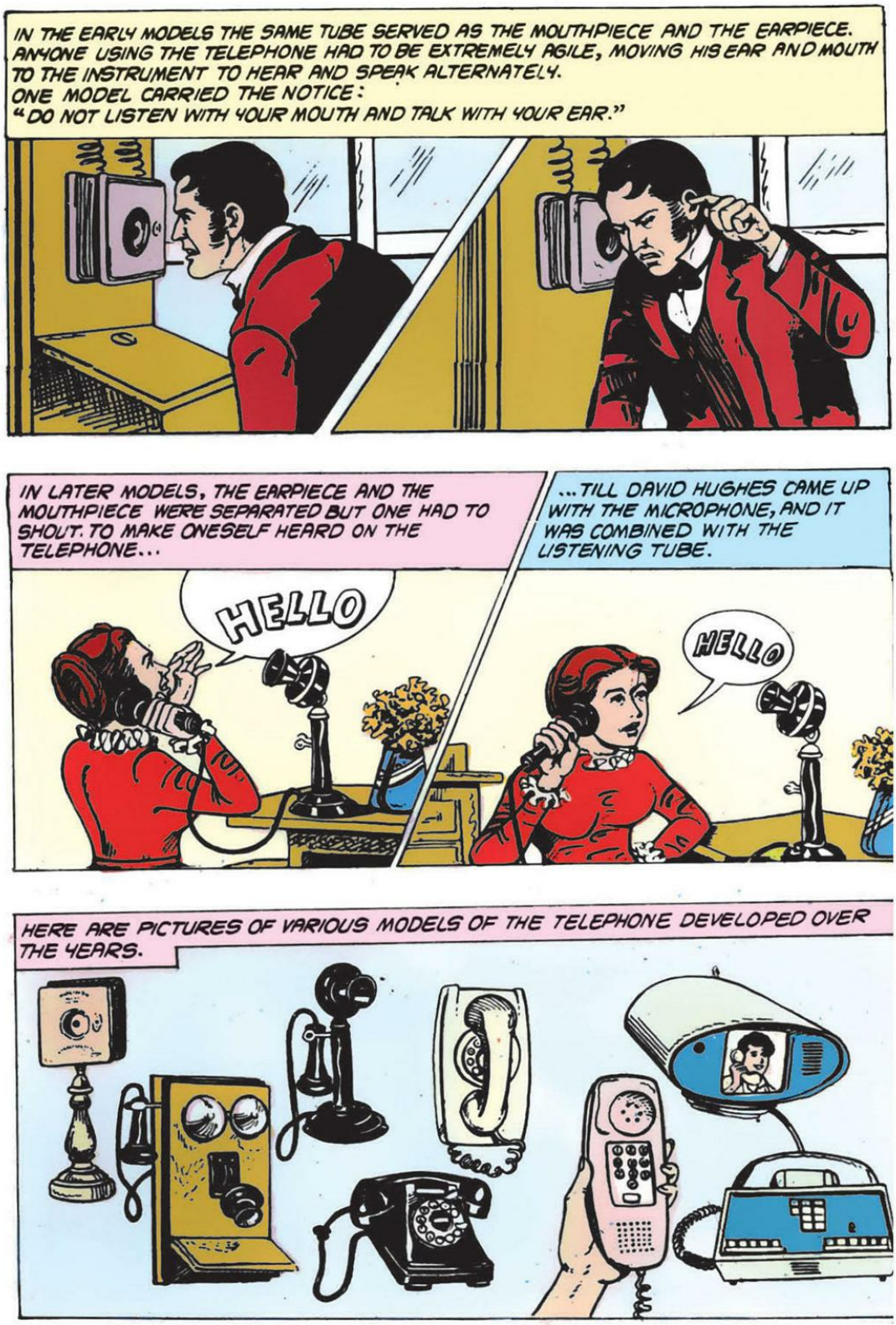
Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar

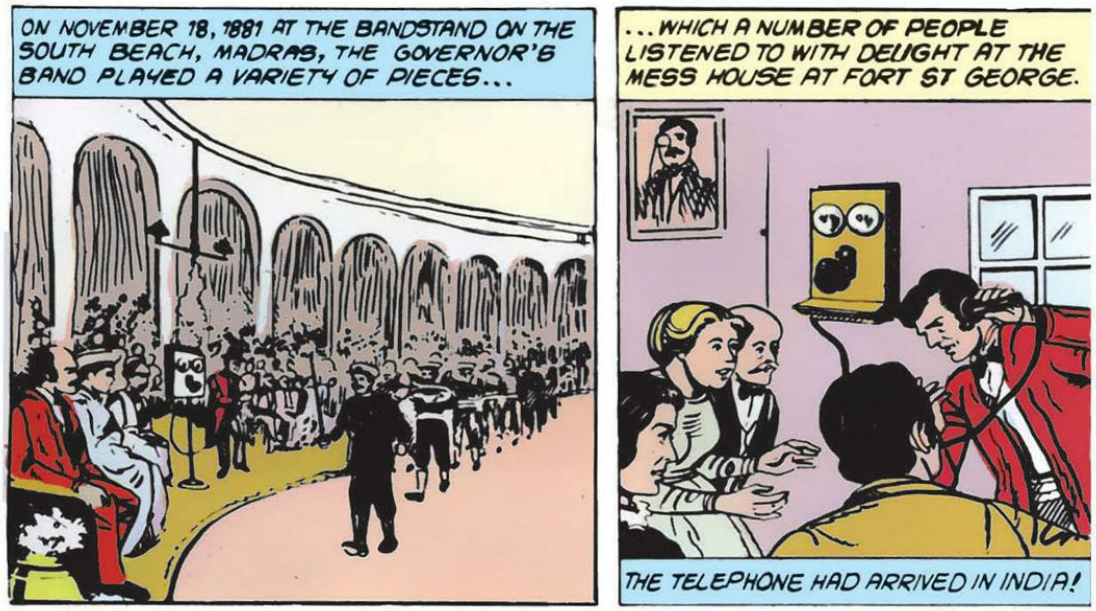
* A GOAN DELICACY MADE OF RICE FLOUR

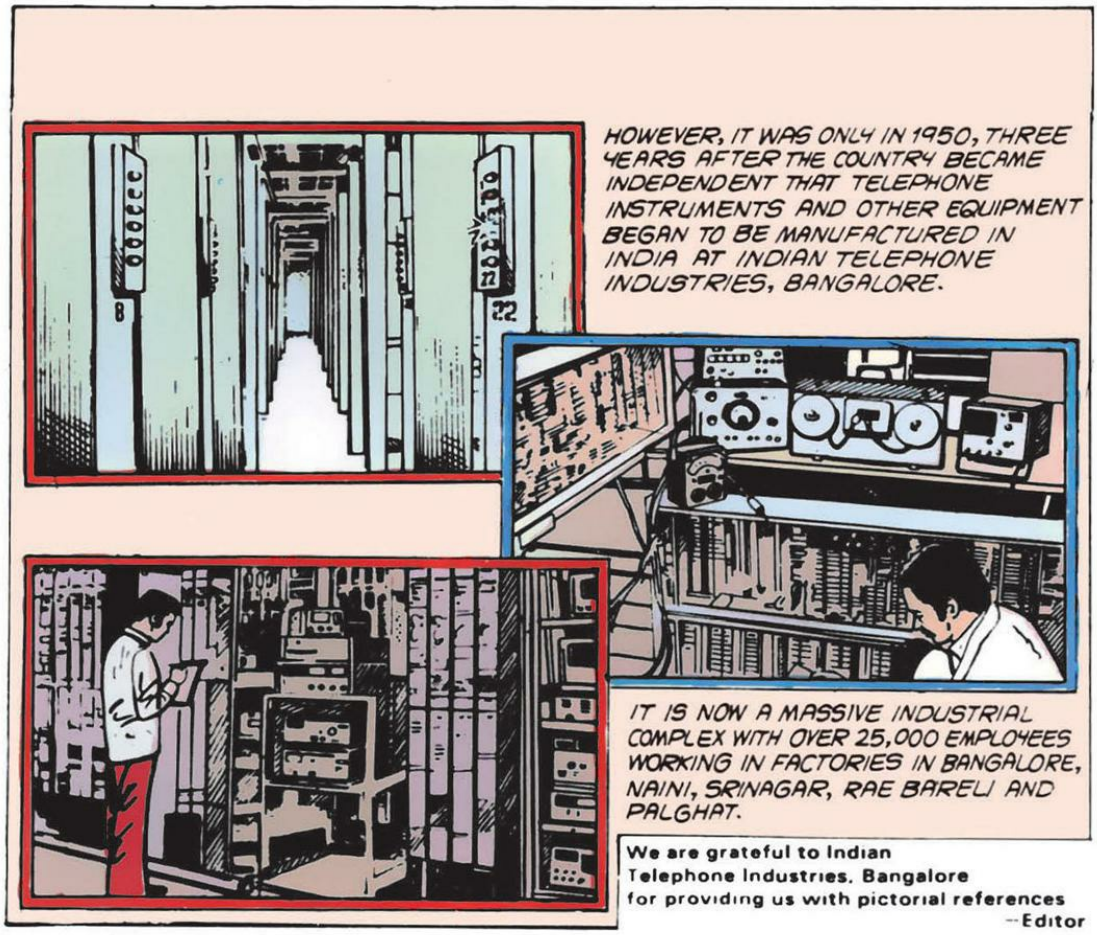

SOANSOANNN!
THAT'S FOUR.
THE SON-IN-LAW DID NOT KNOW THAT HE WAS COUNTING EACH SANNA TWICE. AND FINALLY—
THEY HAVE MADE TEN. WONDERFUL!
AT TEA-TIME, THE WIFE'S YOUNGER BROTHER PUSHED IN TO GRAB A SANNA, BUT—
NOT NOW! PEDRO! LET YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW EAT FIRST.
GO AND CALL HIM FOR TEA.
THE SON-IN-LAW CAME EAGERLY TO THE TABLE...
...AND BEGAN TO EAT.
DELICIOUS!
WHILE THE LITTLE BOY WATCHED FROM THE DOORWAY.
THAT'S ONE.


THAT'S TWO!
MOTHER, MOTHER, HE HAS EATEN TWO!
NEVER MIND! THERE ARE STILL THREE LEFT.
MOTHER, HE HAS EATEN ANOTHER ONE!
WELL, THERE ARE STILL TWO LEFT.
MOTHER!
HE HAS EATEN THE FOURTH ONE!
HE HAS?!
WELL, ONE IS ENOUGH FOR YOU.
MOTHER!
HE IS EATING THE FIFTH ONE TOO!
OH!
IT'S A GOOD THING I COUNTED HOW MANY THEY MADE OR I WOULD NEVER HAVE DARED TO EAT FIVE WHOLE SANNAS!

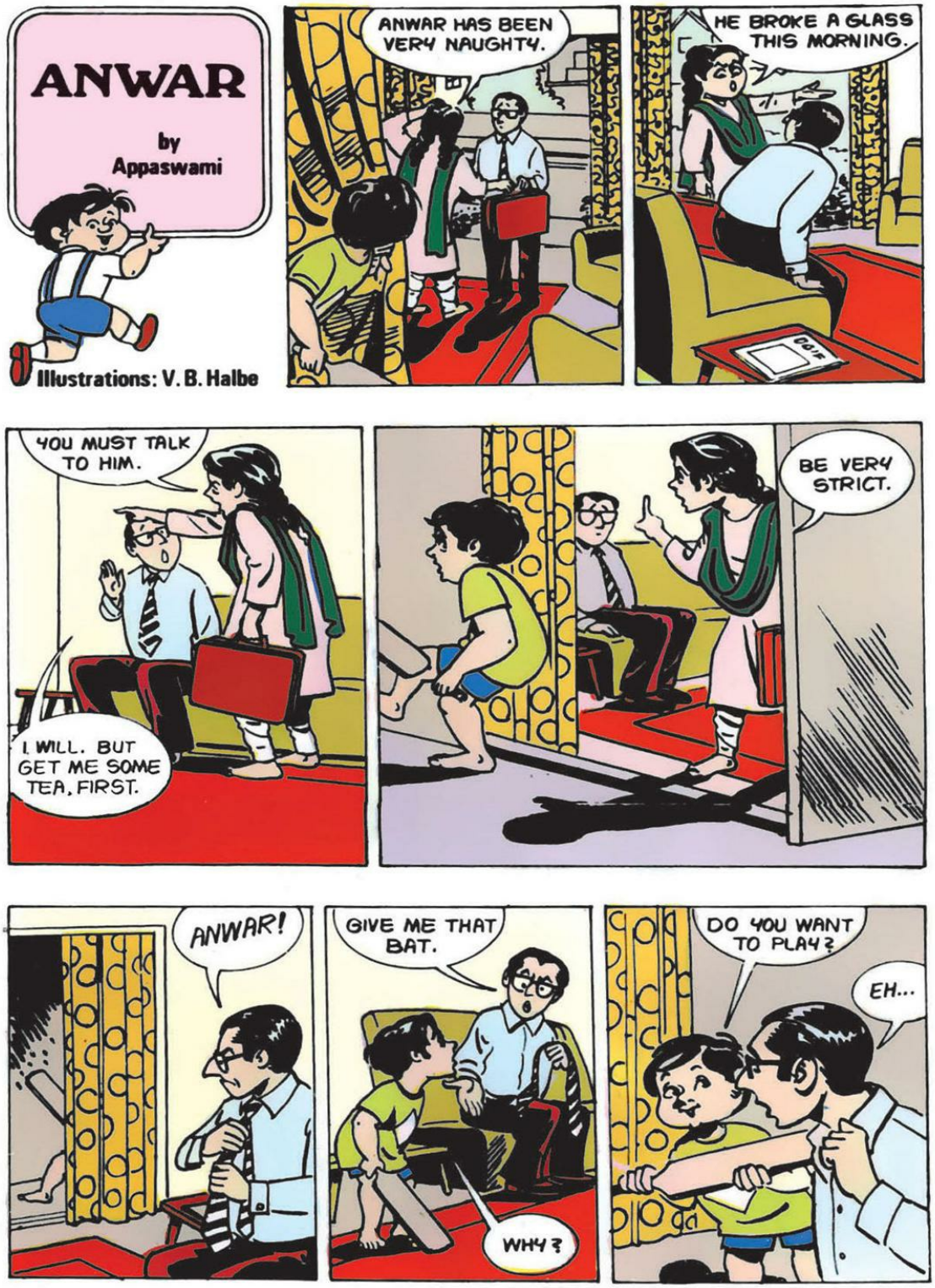
The Telephone
Script: Subba Rao
Illustrations: Anand Mande
GRAHAM BELL WAS WORKING WITH AN INSTRUMENT DESIGNED TO CARRY SOUND, IN HIS WORKSHOP IN BOSTON, AMERICA.
BY ACCIDENT HE SPILLED SOME BATTERY ACID ON HIS TROUSERS.
HE GOT UP AND CRIED OUT—
WATSON...
...PLEASE COME HERE. I WANT YOU!
WATSON, BELL'S ASSISTANT, WORKING IN ANOTHER ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR, WAS STUNNED BECAUSE HIS EMPLOYER'S VOICE HAD COME THROUGH THE INSTRUMENT!
HE RAN DOWN THE STAIRS...
...AND BURST INTO BELL'S ROOM.
IT WORKS! IT WORKS!
THE ERA OF THE TELEPHONE HAD BEGUN. THE YEAR WAS 1876.


IN THE EARLY MODELS THE SAME TUBE SERVED AS THE MOUTHPIECE AND THE EARPIECE. ANYONE USING THE TELEPHONE HAD TO BE EXTREMELY AGILE, MOVING HIS EAR AND MOUTH TO THE INSTRUMENT TO HEAR AND SPEAK ALTERNATELY.
ONE MODEL CARRIED THE NOTICE:
"DO NOT LISTEN WITH YOUR MOUTH AND TALK WITH YOUR EAR."
IN LATER MODELS, THE EARPIECE AND THE MOUTHPIECE WERE SEPARATED BUT ONE HAD TO SHOUT. TO MAKE ONESELF HEARD ON THE TELEPHONE...
HELLO
...TILL DAVID HUGHES CAME UP WITH THE MICROPHONE, AND IT WAS COMBINED WITH THE LISTENING TUBE.
HELLO
HERE ARE PICTURES OF VARIOUS MODELS OF THE TELEPHONE DEVELOPED OVER THE YEARS.





We are grateful to Indian Telephone Industries, Bangalore for providing us with pictorial references
—Editor

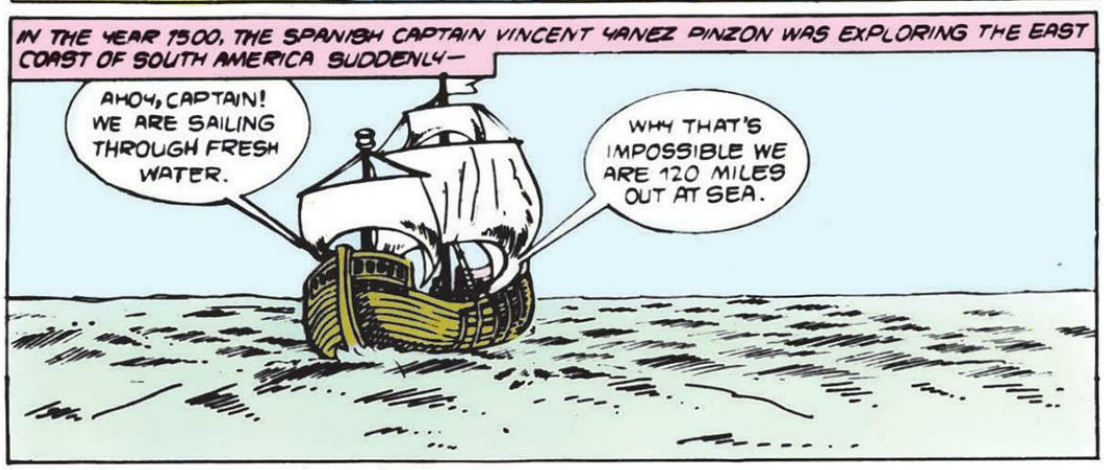

ANWAR
by
Appaswami
Illustrations: V. B. Halbe
ANWAR HAS BEEN VERY NAUGHTY.
HE BROKE A GLASS THIS MORNING.
YOU MUST TALK TO HIM.
I WILL. BUT GET ME SOME TEA, FIRST.
BE VERY STRICT.
ANWAR!
GIVE ME THAT BAT.
WHY?
DO YOU WANT TO PLAY?
EH...

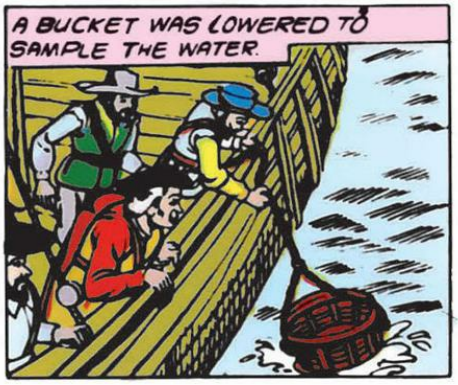
BUT CAN YOU BAT ?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN!
I USED TO PLAY FOR MY COLLEGE TEAM.
WHY, ONCE I HIT A SIXER!
GIVE ME THAT BAT !
NOW GO AND BOWL!
HERE COMES KAPIL DEV...

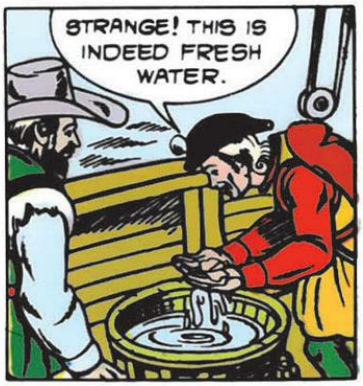
A SIXER!
ERRR...

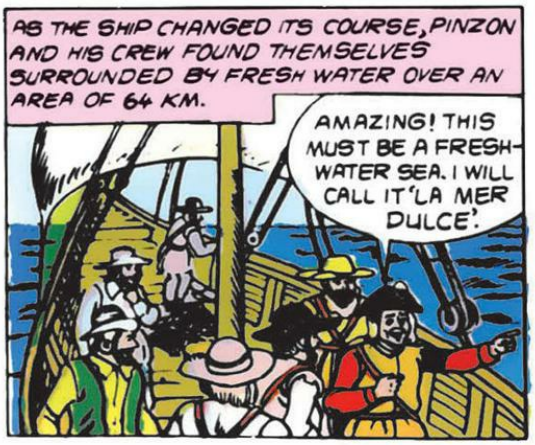
THE AMAZON-I

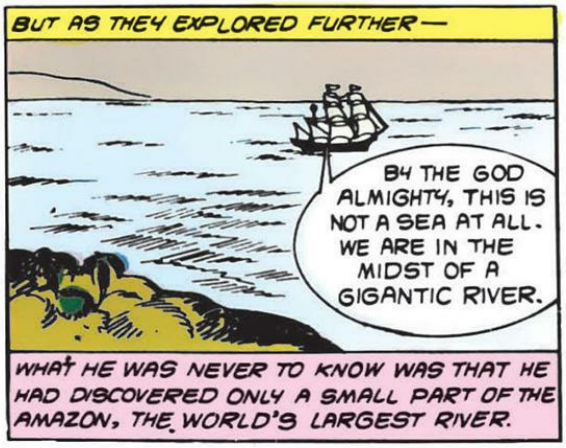
Script: Vaijayanti Wagle
Illustrations: Ajit Vasaikar

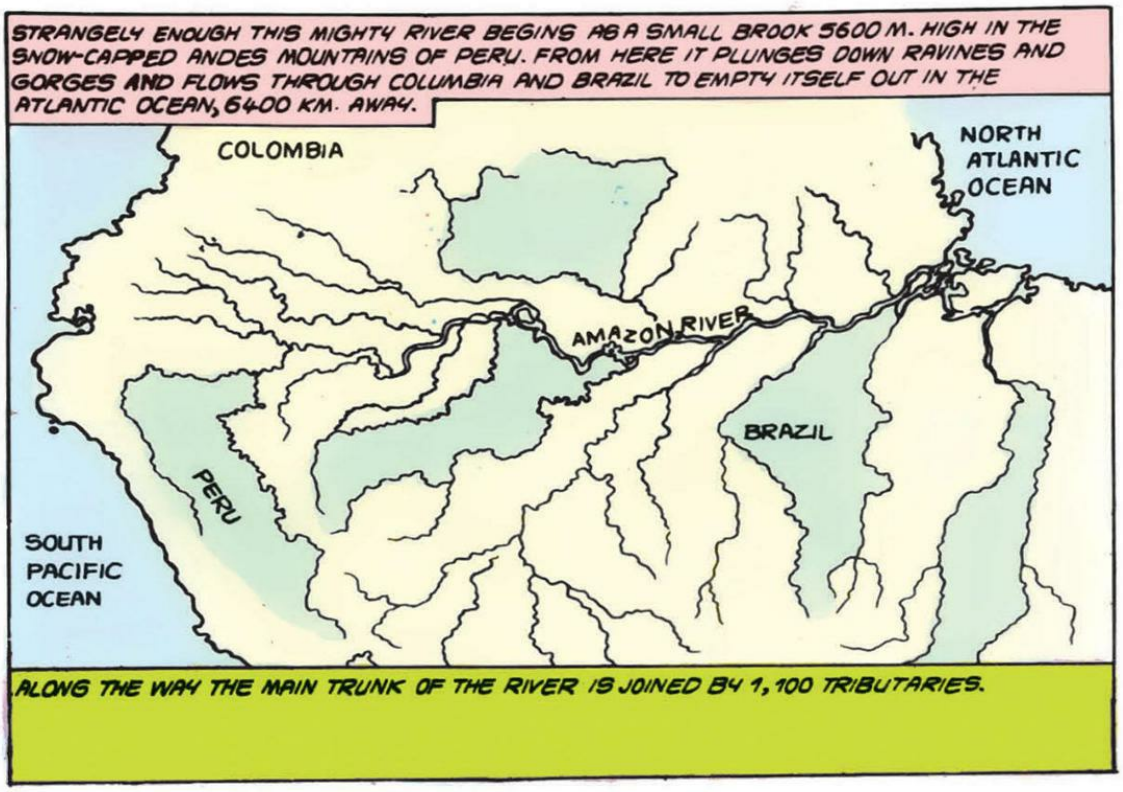


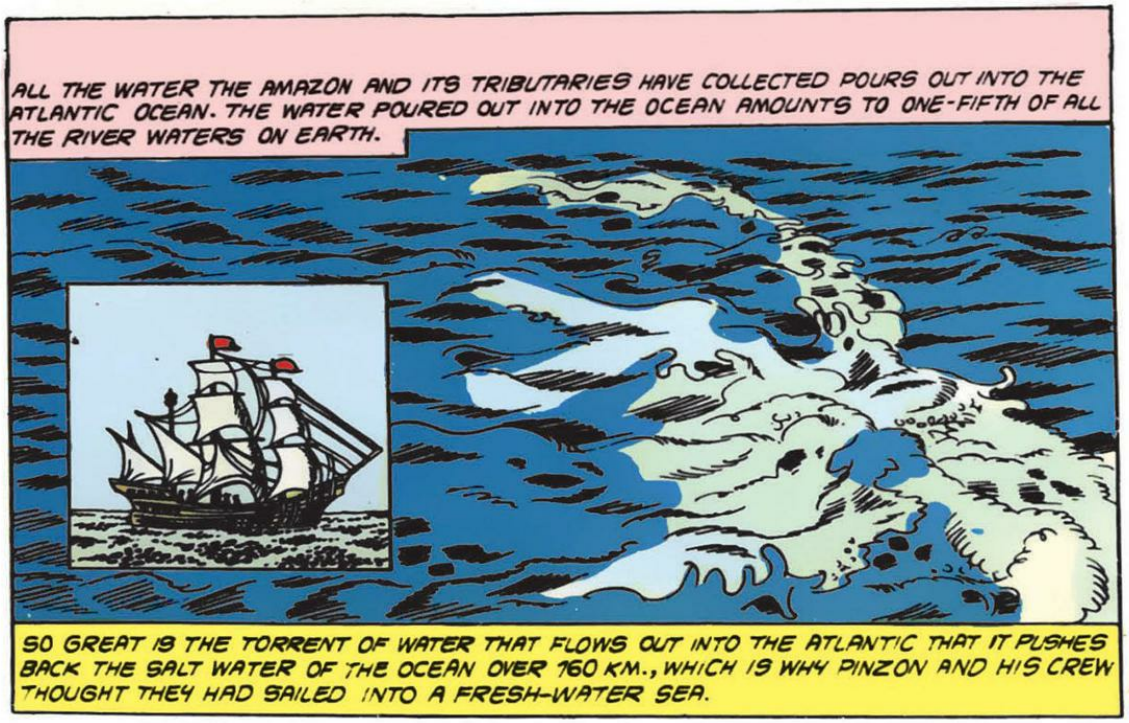


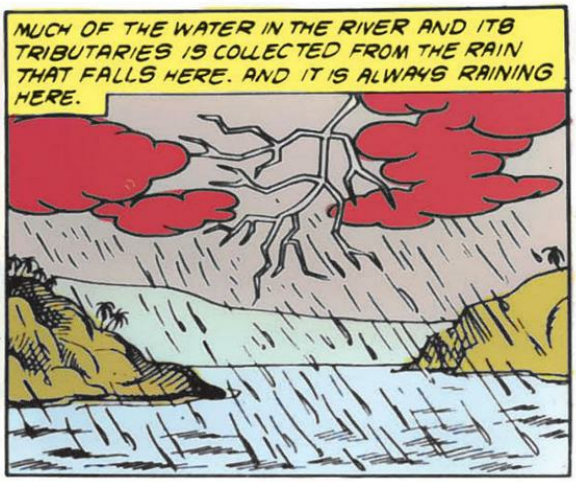






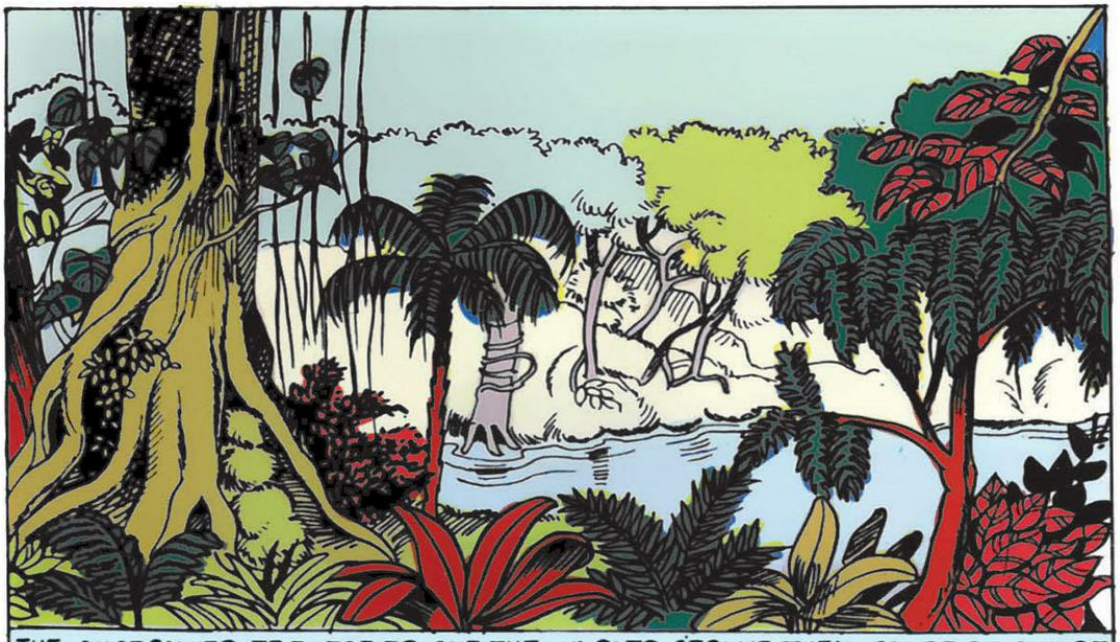

STRANGELY ENOUGH THIS MIGHTY RIVER BEGINS AS A SMALL BROOK 5600 M. HIGH IN THE SNOW-CAPPED ANDES MOUNTAINS OF PERU. FROM HERE IT PLUNGES DOWN RAVINES AND GORGES AND FLOWS THROUGH COLUMBIA AND BRAZIL TO EMPTY ITSELF OUT IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, 6400 KM. AWAY.
COLOMBIA
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
AMAZON RIVER
BRAZIL
PERU
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN
ALONG THE WAY THE MAIN TRUNK OF THE RIVER IS JOINED BY 1,100 TRIBUTARIES.


ALL THE WATER THE AMAZON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES HAVE COLLECTED POURS OUT INTO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. THE WATER POURED OUT INTO THE OCEAN AMOUNTS TO ONE-FIFTH OF ALL THE RIVER WATERS ON EARTH.
SO GREAT IS THE TORRENT OF WATER THAT FLOWS OUT INTO THE ATLANTIC THAT IT PUSHES BACK THE SALT WATER OF THE OCEAN OVER 160 KM., WHICH IS WHY PINZON AND HIS CREW THOUGHT THEY HAD SAILED INTO A FRESH-WATER SEA.



IT IS EXTREMELY HOT IN THE AMAZON BASIN. THE INTENSE HEAT CAUSES WATER TO EVAPORATE. THE RESULTING WATER VAPOUR RISES HIGH AND AS IT REACHES THE COOL LAYERS ABOVE, IT FORMS BIG RAIN CLOUDS.

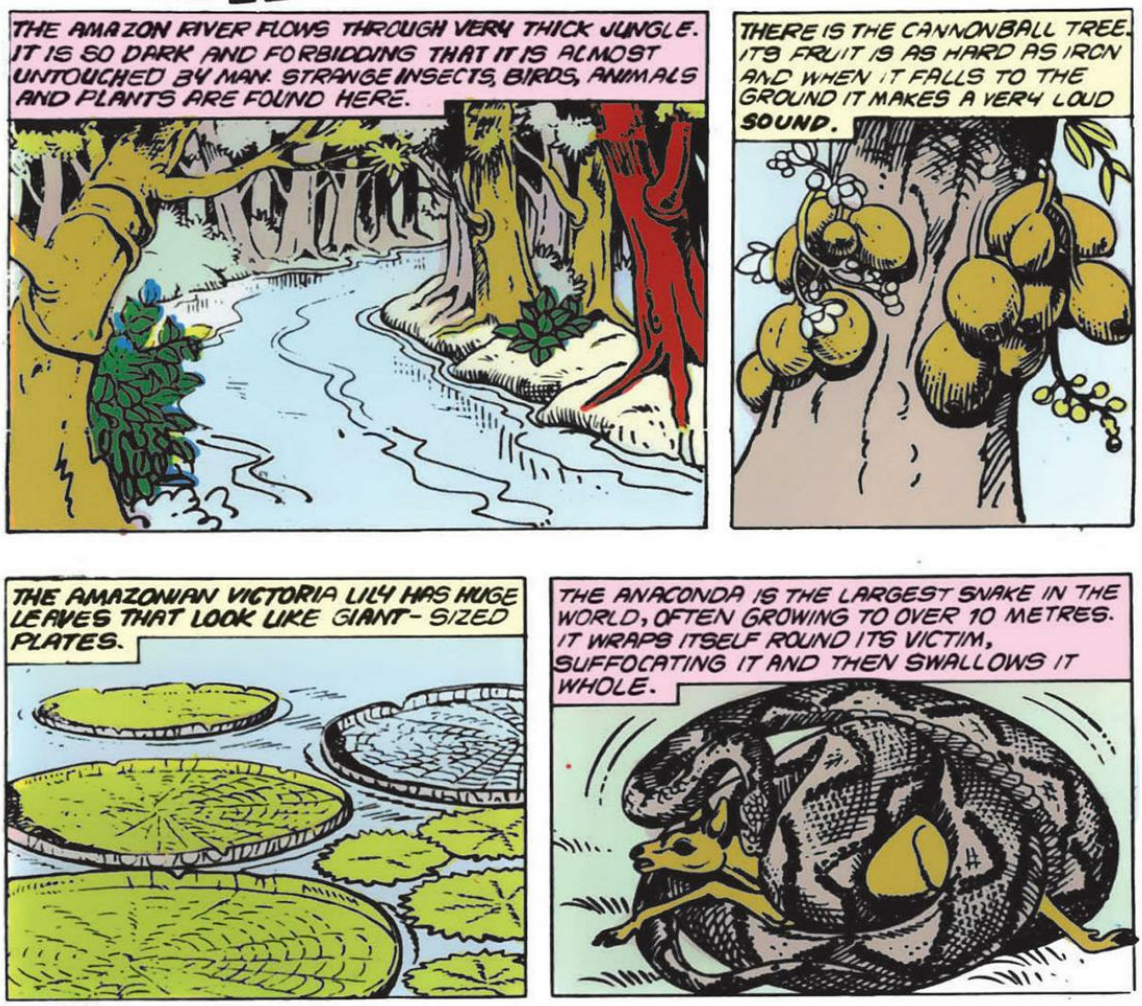
EVERY AFTERNOON, THE SKY DARKENS WITH THICK CLOUDS, LIGHTNING CRACKLES THROUGH THE SKY AND THE THUNDER ROLLS. SOON THE RAIN POURS DOWN IN GREAT SHEETS OF WATER.

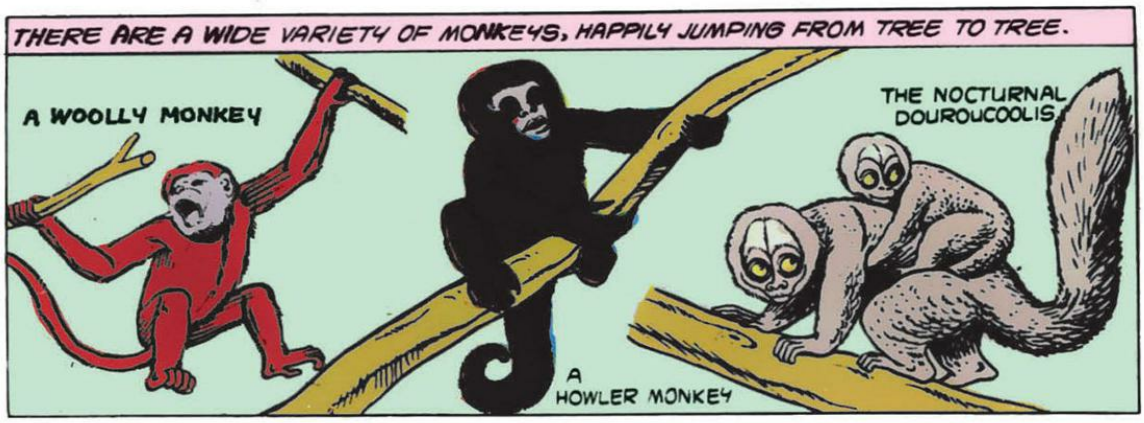


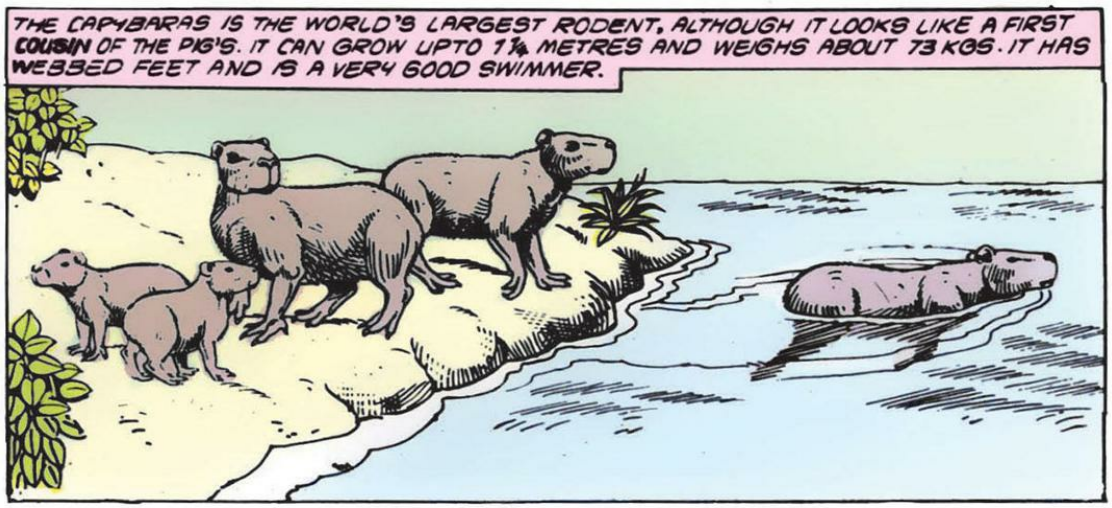
THE AMAZON, ITS TRIBUTARIES AND THE JUNGLES AROUND THEM, COMPRISE A HUGE WILDERNESS SPREAD OUT OVER NINE SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES.

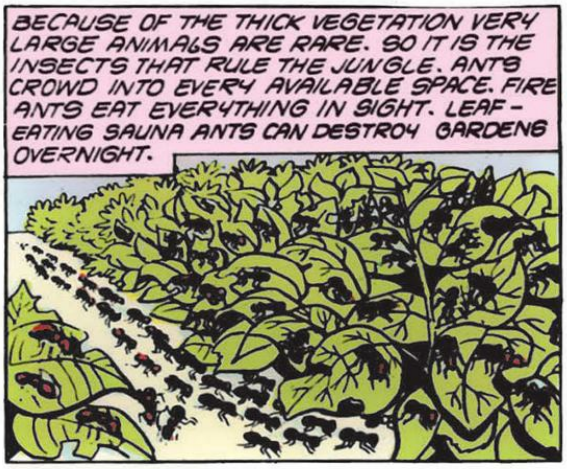
AMAZON-II

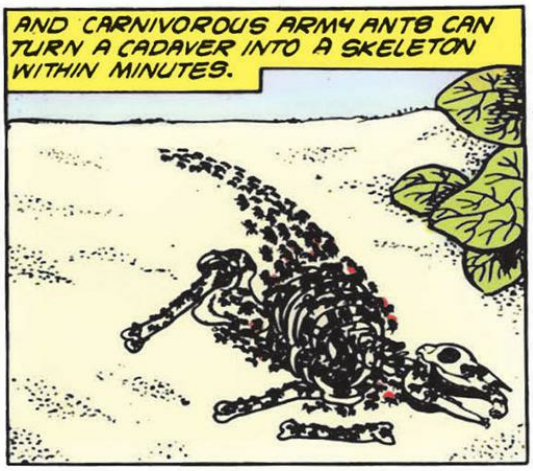
Script : Vaijayanti Wagle
Illustrations : Ajit Vasaikar

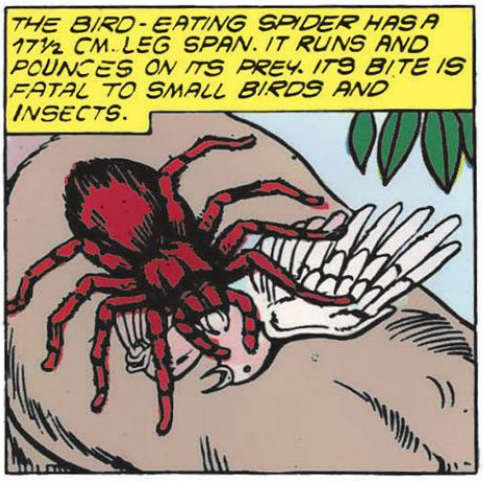


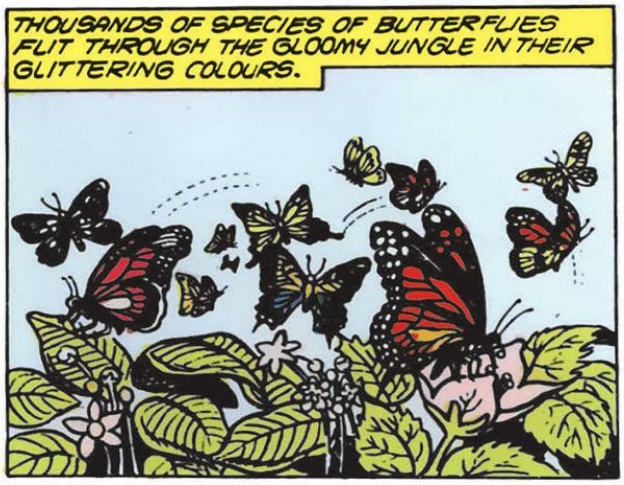


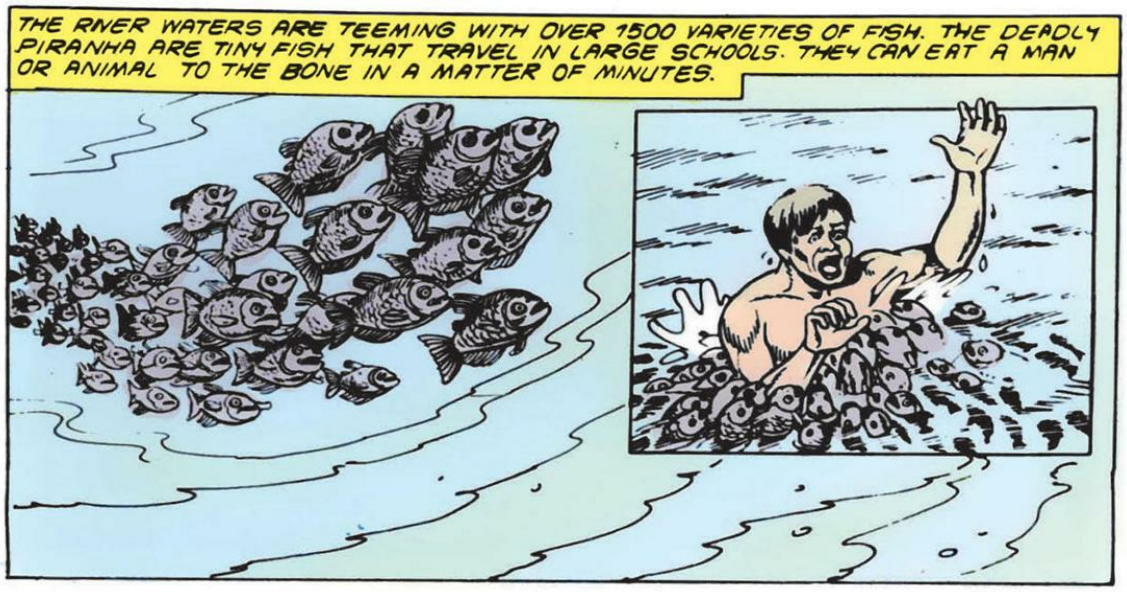

THE CAPYBARAS IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST RODENT, ALTHOUGH IT LOOKS LIKE A FIRST COUSIN OF THE PIG'S. IT CAN GROW UPTO 1¼ METRES AND WEIGHS ABOUT 73 KGS. IT HAS WEBBED FEET AND IS A VERY GOOD SWIMMER.

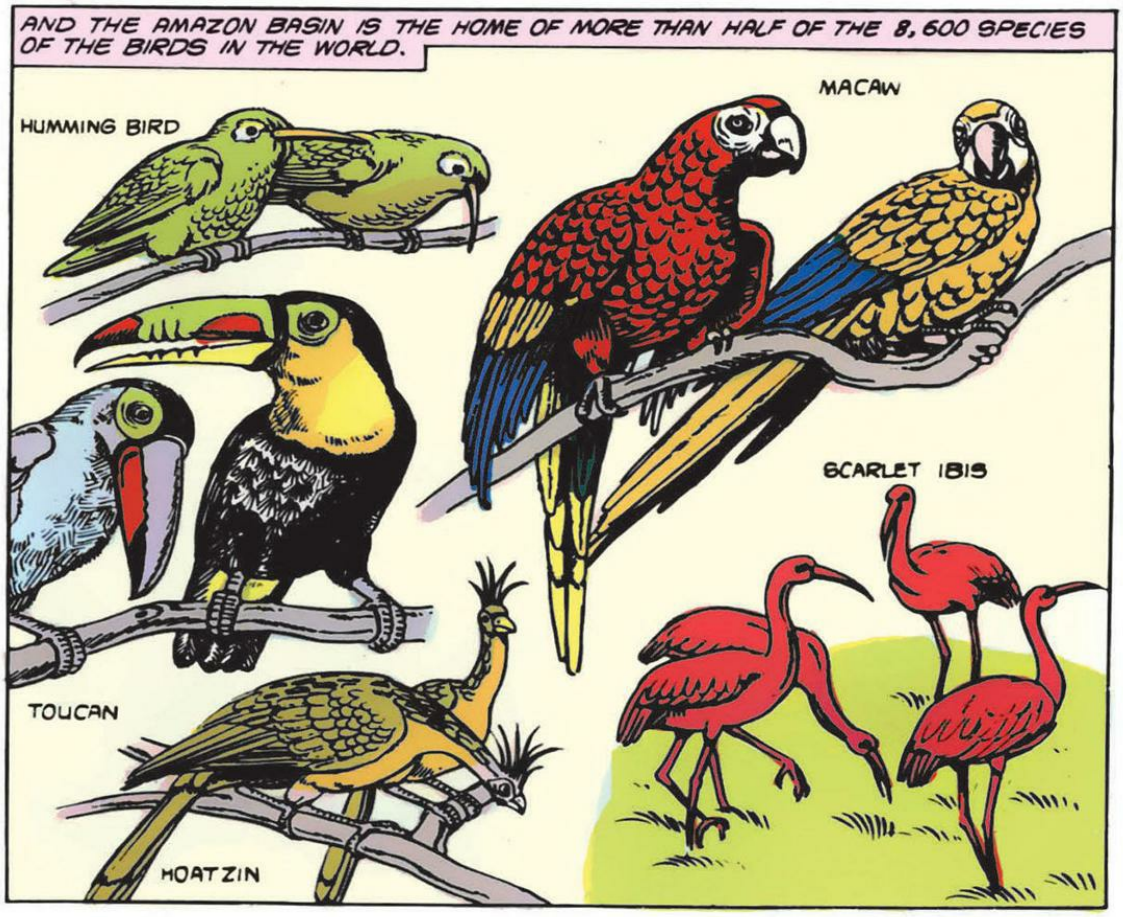

BECAUSE OF THE THICK VEGETATION VERY LARGE ANIMALS ARE RARE. SO IT IS THE INSECTS THAT RULE THE JUNGLE. ANTS CROWD INTO EVERY AVAILABLE SPACE. FIRE ANTS EAT EVERYTHING IN SIGHT. LEAF-EATING SAUNA ANTS CAN DESTROY GARDENS OVERNIGHT.


AND CARNIVOROUS ARMY ANTS CAN TURN A CADAVER INTO A SKELETON WITHIN MINUTES.


THE BIRD-EATING SPIDER HAS A 17½ CM. LEG SPAN. IT RUNS AND POUNCES ON ITS PREY. ITS BITE IS FATAL TO SMALL BIRDS AND INSECTS.


THOUSANDS OF SPECIES OF BUTTERFLIES FLIT THROUGH THE GLOOMY JUNGLE IN THEIR GLITTERING COLOURS.


THE RIVER WATERS ARE TEEMING WITH OVER 1500 VARIETIES OF FISH. THE DEADLY PIRANHA ARE TINY FISH THAT TRAVEL IN LARGE SCHOOLS. THEY CAN EAT A MAN OR ANIMAL TO THE BONE IN A MATTER OF MINUTES.

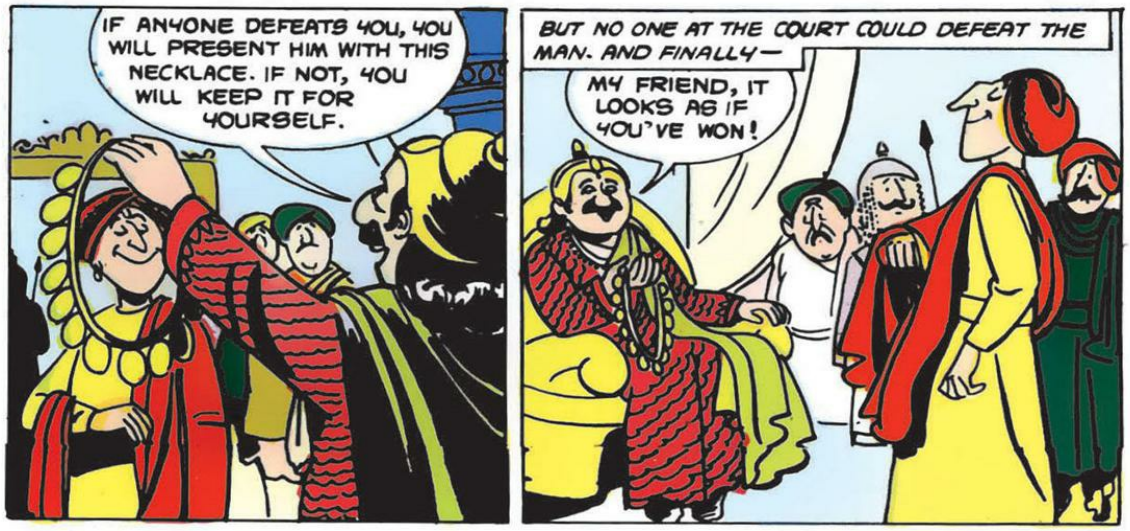

AND THE AMAZON BASIN IS THE HOME OF MORE THAN HALF OF THE 8,600 SPECIES OF THE BIRDS IN THE WORLD.
HUMMING BIRD
MACAW
SCARLET IBIS
TOUCAN
HOATZIN

THE CLEVER COURT JESTER

Illustrations: V. B. Halbe

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by N. R. Shripathi, New Mangalore

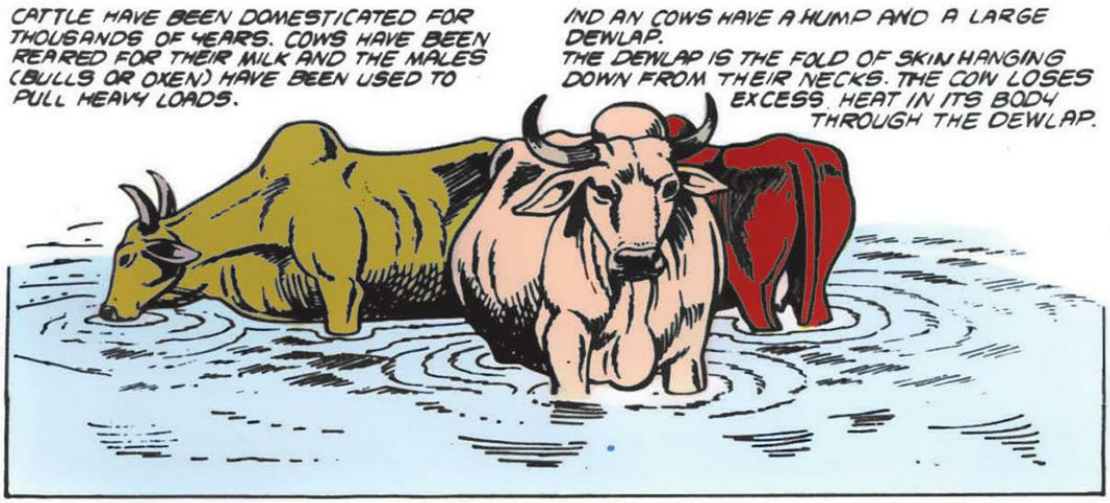


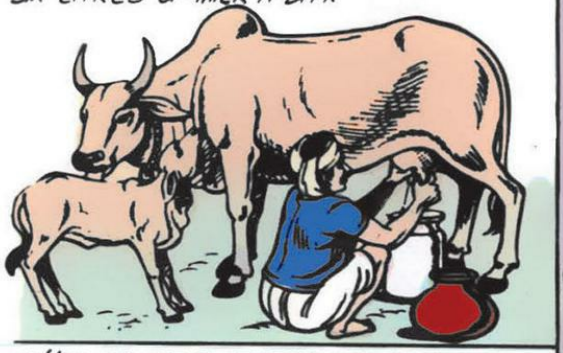
IF YOU GIVE ME EVEN ONE CORRECT ANSWER – YOU LOSE!
WHAT A CURIOUS, TOPSY-TURVY GAME! ALL RIGHT, I'LL PLAY IT!
WE'RE SURE TO HAVE SOME FUN NOW! THE JESTER IS ALWAYS UP TO CLEVER TRICKS!
NOW, BEGIN!
ARE YOU A NATIVE OF THIS COUNTRY?
WHY YES, OF COURSE! HA! HA!
OUR KING'S NAME IS ZED, ISN'T IT?
YES, IT IS!
YOU ARE IN THE COURT OF OUR KING, AREN'T YOU?
NO!

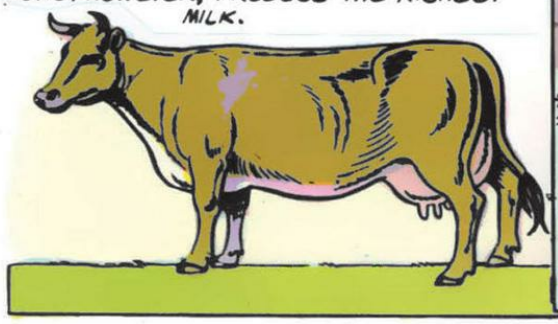
YOU ARE WEARING A GOLD NECKLACE, AREN'T YOU?
NO!
REALLY, YOU ARE VERY CLEVER! HOW MANY QUESTIONS HAVE I ASKED SO FAR?
FOUR! YOU HAVE JUST ONE MORE TO GO! HA! HA!
I HAVE JUST ASKED IT! AND YOU HAVE ANSWERED IT CORRECTLY.
HE HAS LOST TO OUR JESTER!
I ACCEPT DEFEAT! HERE IS THE CHAIN!
O KING, I CAN SEE THAT YOUR DAYS CAN NEVER BE DULL WITH SUCH A JESTER BY YOUR SIDE!

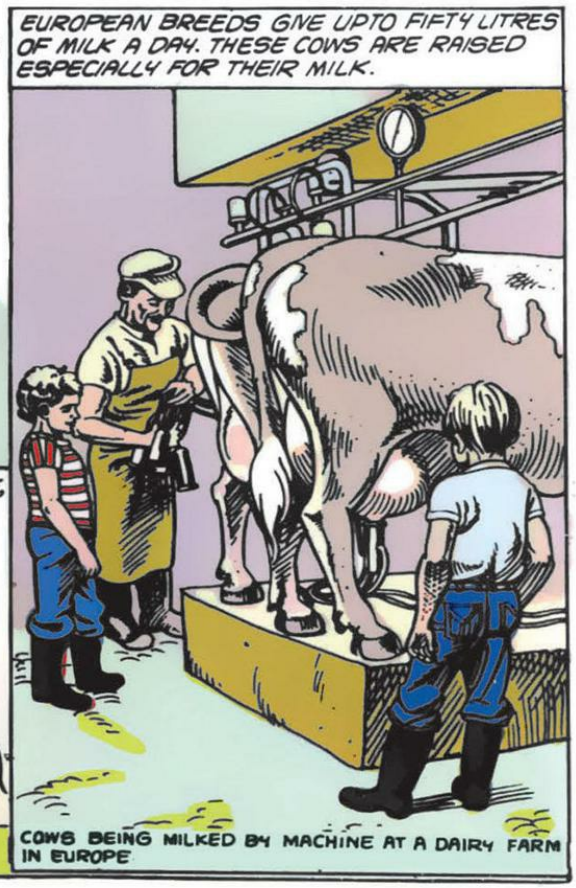
MEET THE COW

Script: Ashvin
Illustrations : Ajit Vasaikar

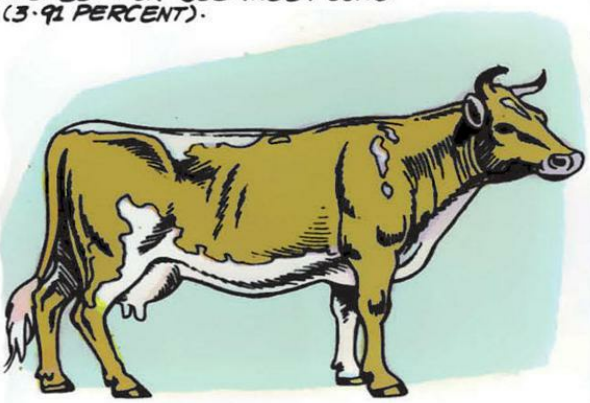




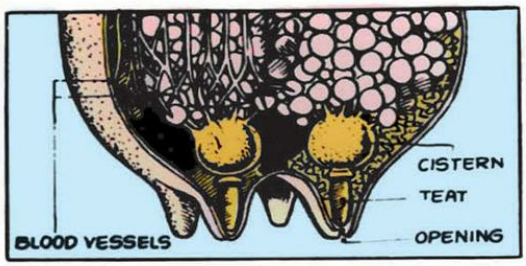




THE PROTEIN CONTENT OF MILK IS HIGHEST FOR GUERNSEY COWS (3·91 PERCENT).

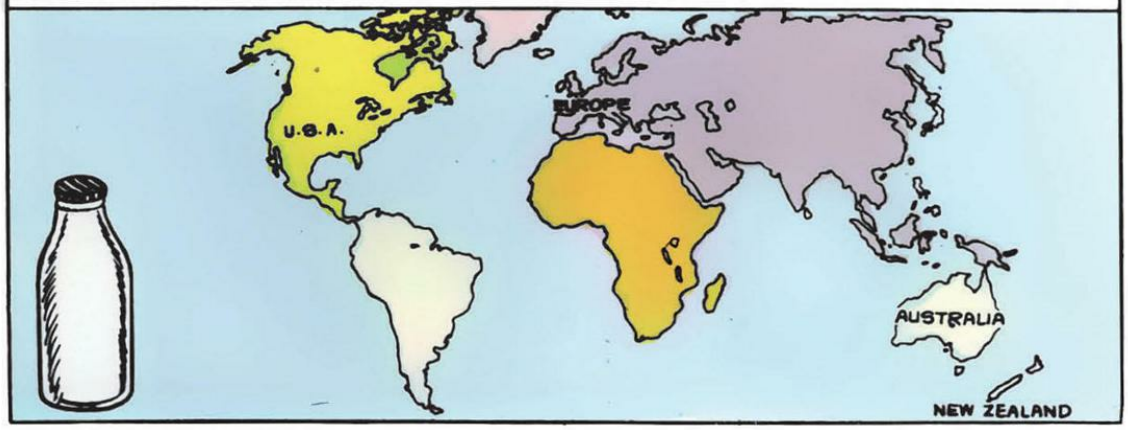


THE MILK IS PRODUCED BY THE COW FROM HER BLOOD.
EACH TIME BLOOD PASSES THROUGH THE UDDER, SOME PART OF THE BLOOD IS CHANGED INTO MILK. ABOUT 200 LITRES OF BLOOD MUST PASS THROUGH THE UDDER TO MAKE ABOUT 450 GMS. OF MILK.

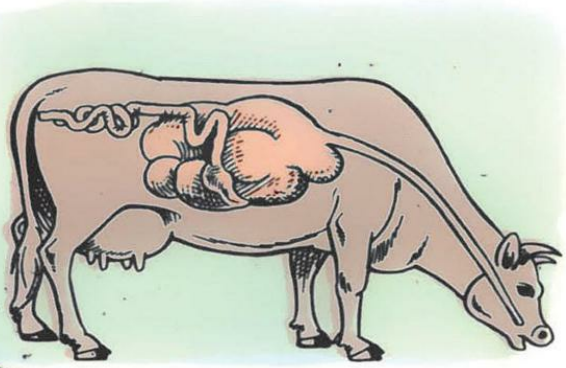


SO IF A COW IS TO GIVE A LOT OF MILK, IT MUST GET A LOT OF FOOD. IN INDIA, THE COW IS FED GRAINS, BRAN AND OILCAKES IN ADDITION TO GRASS AND HAY.

EUROPE, THE U.S.A., NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA HAVE RICH GRASSLANDS AND A CLIMATE IN WHICH COWS THRIVE.
SO THEY ARE THE LARGEST MILK-PRODUCING COUNTRIES.

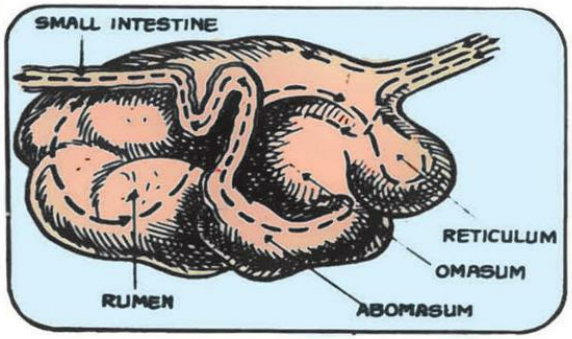


THE COW SWALLOWS ITS FOOD QUICKLY AND STORES IT IN THE PAUNCH OR RUMEN, THE FIRST OF THE FOUR COMPARTMENTS OF ITS STOMACH. LATER THE FOOD PASSES INTO THE SECOND COMPARTMENT, THE RETICULUM WHERE IT IS ROLLED INTO LITTLE BALLS OR CUDS.

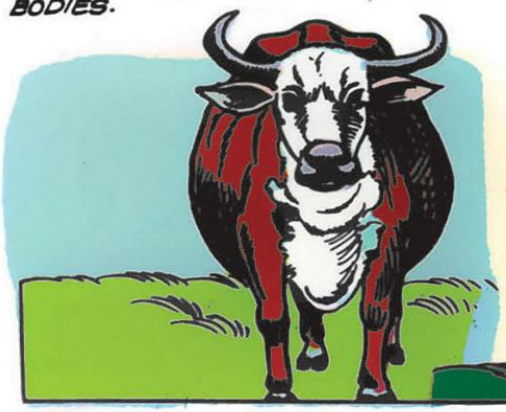


WHEN THE ANIMAL IS RESTING, IT BRINGS UP THESE CUDS, CHEWS THEM MORE THOROUGHLY AND SWALLOWS THEM AGAIN.

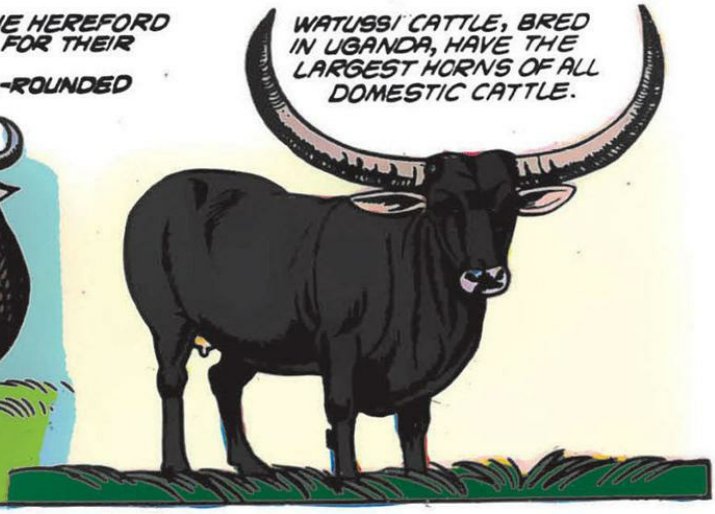
THIS TIME THE FOOD PASSES INTO THE THIRD AND THEN INTO THE FOURTH COMPARTMENTS - THE OMASUM AND THE ABOMASUM.
DIGESTION TAKES PLACE IN THE ABOMASUM.



SOME EUROPEAN CATTLE LIKE THE HEREFORD COW SHOWN HERE, ARE RAISED FOR THEIR MEAT.
THESE CATTLE HAVE HEAVY WELL-ROUNDED BODIES.



WATUSSI CATTLE, BRED IN UGANDA, HAVE THE LARGEST HORNS OF ALL DOMESTIC CATTLE.

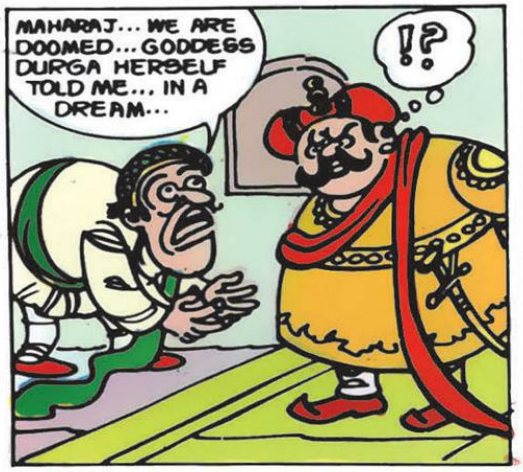


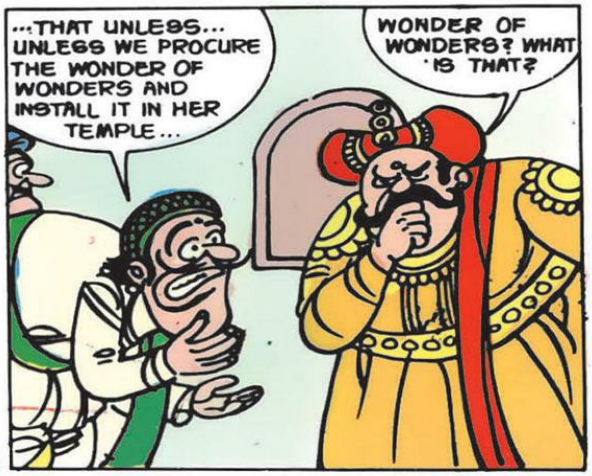
The Wonder of Wonders

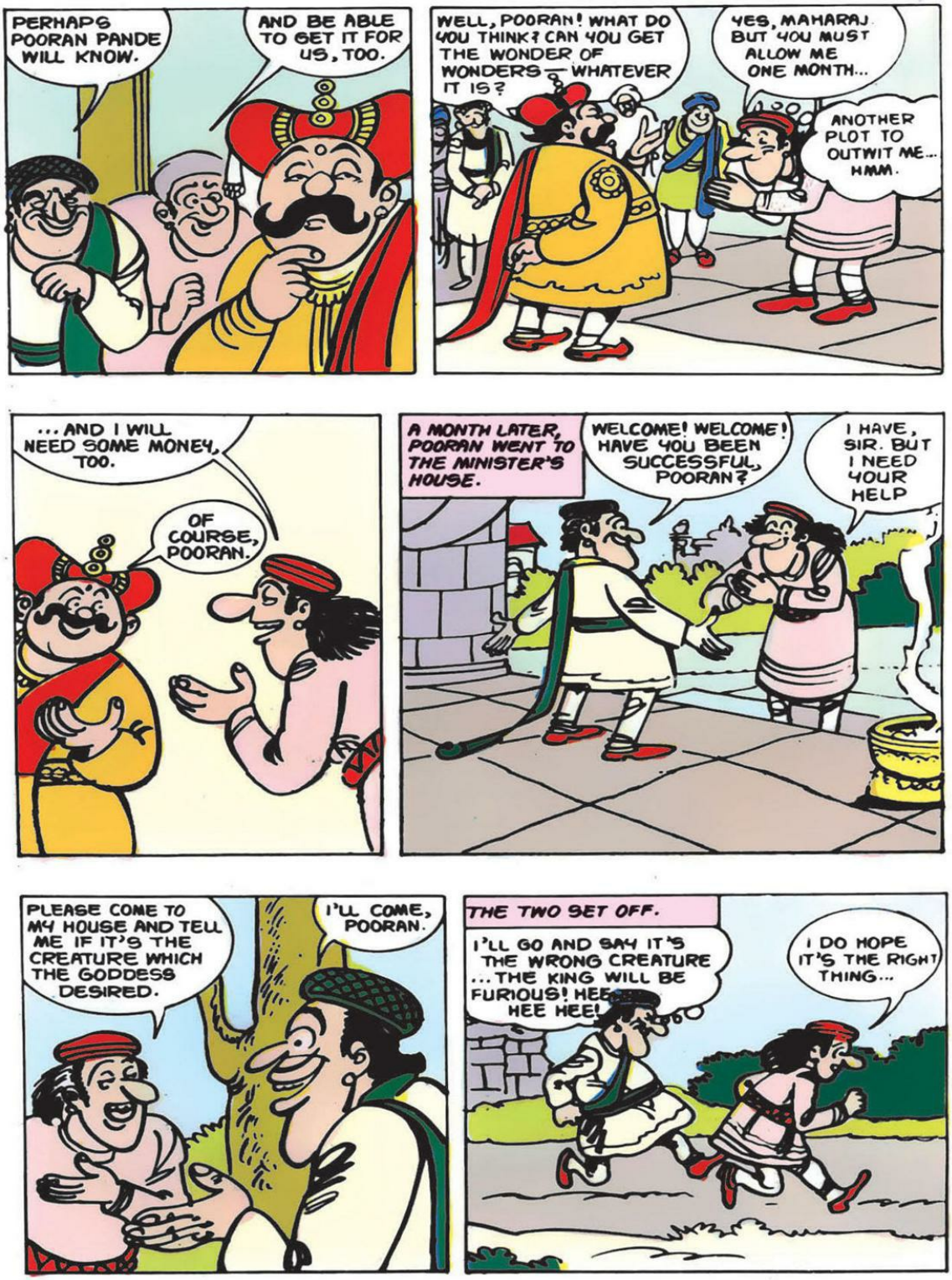
A Folktale from Bihar

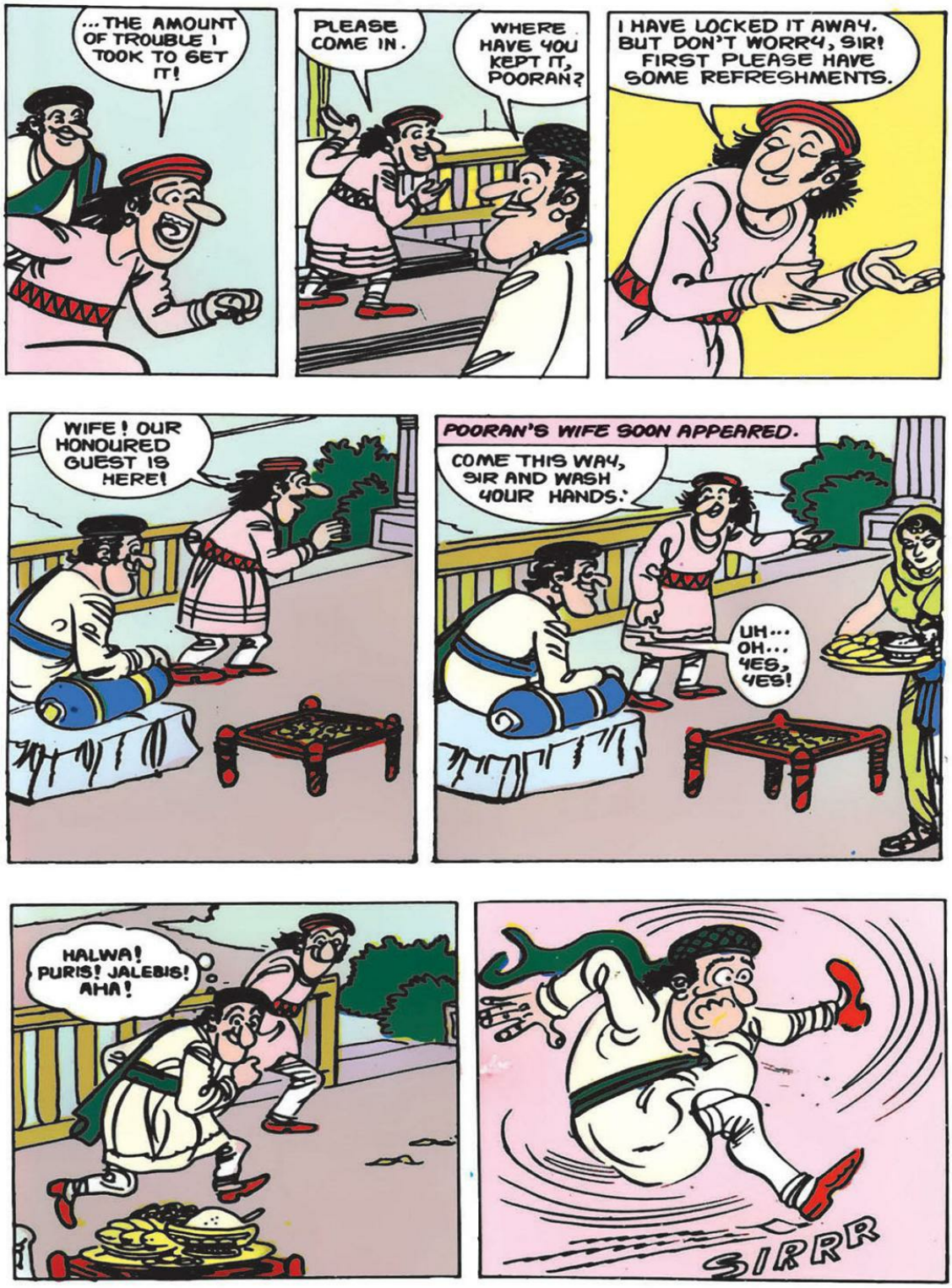
Script
Meera Ugra

Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar






PERHAPS POORAN PANDE WILL KNOW.
AND BE ABLE TO GET IT FOR US, TOO.
WELL, POORAN! WHAT DO YOU THINK? CAN YOU GET THE WONDER OF WONDERS — WHATEVER IT IS?
YES, MAHARAJ. BUT YOU MUST ALLOW ME ONE MONTH...
ANOTHER PLOT TO OUTWIT ME... HMM.
... AND I WILL NEED SOME MONEY, TOO.
OF COURSE, POORAN.
A MONTH LATER, POORAN WENT TO THE MINISTER'S HOUSE.
WELCOME! WELCOME! HAVE YOU BEEN SUCCESSFUL, POORAN?
I HAVE, SIR. BUT I NEED YOUR HELP
PLEASE COME TO MY HOUSE AND TELL ME IF IT'S THE CREATURE WHICH THE GODDESS DESIRED.
I'LL COME, POORAN.
THE TWO SET OFF.
I'LL GO AND SAY IT'S THE WRONG CREATURE ... THE KING WILL BE FURIOUS! HEE HEE HEE!
I DO HOPE IT'S THE RIGHT THING...


...THE AMOUNT OF TROUBLE I TOOK TO GET IT!
PLEASE COME IN.
WHERE HAVE YOU KEPT IT, POORAN?
I HAVE LOCKED IT AWAY. BUT DON'T WORRY, SIR! FIRST PLEASE HAVE SOME REFRESHMENTS.
WIFE! OUR HONOURED GUEST IS HERE!
POORAN'S WIFE SOON APPEARED.
COME THIS WAY, SIR AND WASH YOUR HANDS.
UH... OH... YES, YES!
HALWA! PURIS! JALEBIS! AHA!
SIRRR

OOOPS!
EH?
I'M... I'M... SO SORRY, SIR!
...WHAT'S THIS STICKY MESS, POORAN?
IT IS... ER... A SYRUP OF GUR, SIR.
BUT YOU MUST WASH, SIR. THE BATHROOM IS OVER HERE.
AS THE MINISTER STEPPED INTO THE ROOM, A BASKET OF COTTON WAS WAITING FOR HIM...
AAAH!

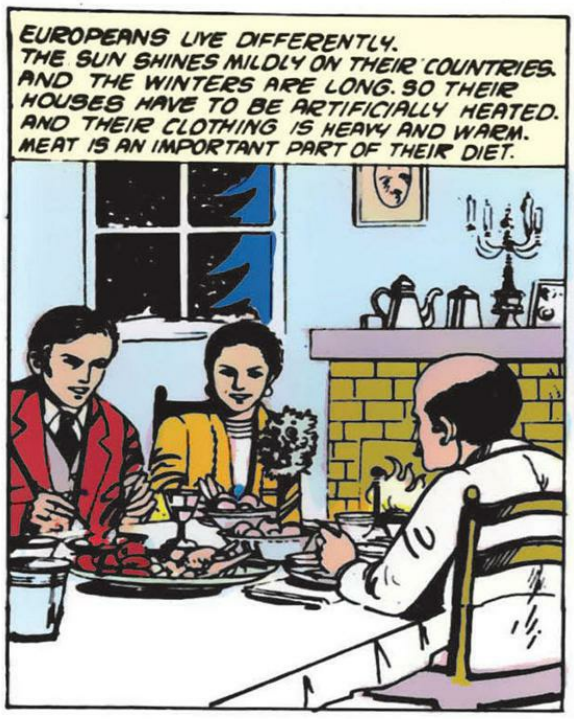
WH... WHAT IS HAPPENING?
...AND MORE COTTON—
Ouiiee!!
CLANG!
POORAN! OPEN THE DOOR!
BANG! BANG!
IN A SHORT WHILE, SIR!
POORAN RUSHED TO THE COURT.
POORAN! YOU? AND WHERE IS THE WONDER OF WONDERS?
AT HOME, MAHARAJ...
...THE CREATURE IS SO ANGRY AT THE MOMENT, IT'S DIFFICULT TO CONTROL IT. PLEASE COME TO MY HOUSE TO SEE IT.
WELL... I'LL COME. BUT WHERE IS THE MINISTER?
HE HASN'T COME TODAY, MAHARAJ.
WHAT A PITY! HE'LL MISS A RARE SIGHT. LET'S GO.

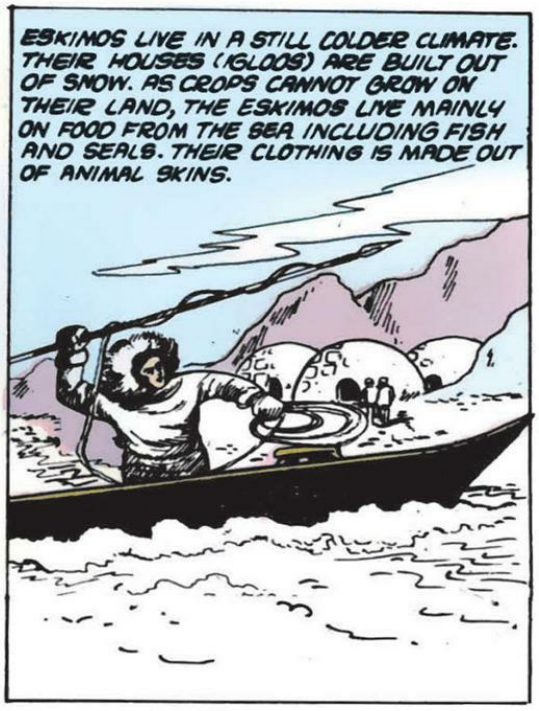
WHEN THE PARTY ARRIVED AT POORAN PANDE'S HOUSE—
BANG! BANG!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU IT'S FURIOUS!
HERE'S THE WONDER OF WONDERS, MAHARAJ.
YOU! YOU! ... OH!
WATCH OUT, POORAN!
GUARDS! HOLD HIM! TAKE HIM TO THE PALACE.
MAHARAJ!! MAHARAJ!!
MINISTER! I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME ...BUT WHERE ARE YOU?
I'M HERE, MAHARAJ. I'M THE WONDER OF WONDERS.
!?
I'LL EXPLAIN ALL, MAHARAJ...
THE KING WAS AMUSED WITH HIS STORY AND REWARDED POORAN PANDE HANDSOMELY. AND THE JEALOUS COURTIERS NEVER TROUBLED HIM AGAIN.

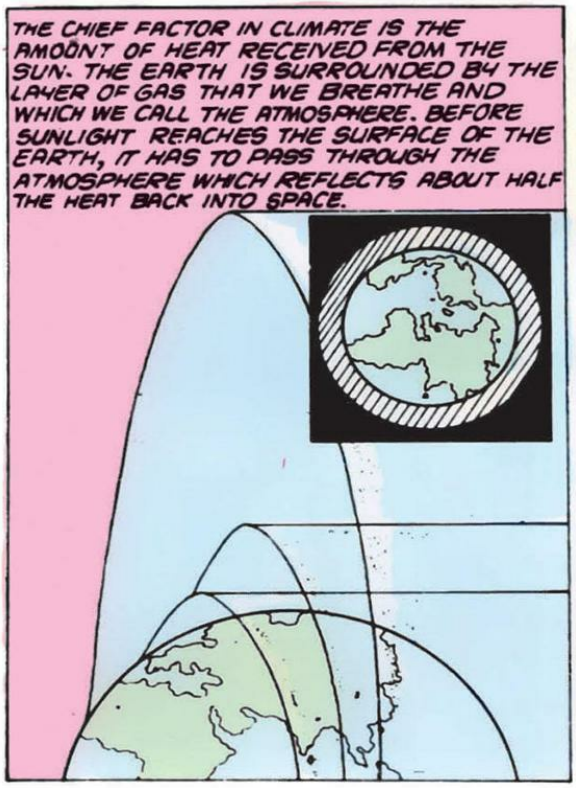
WEATHER AND CLIMATE

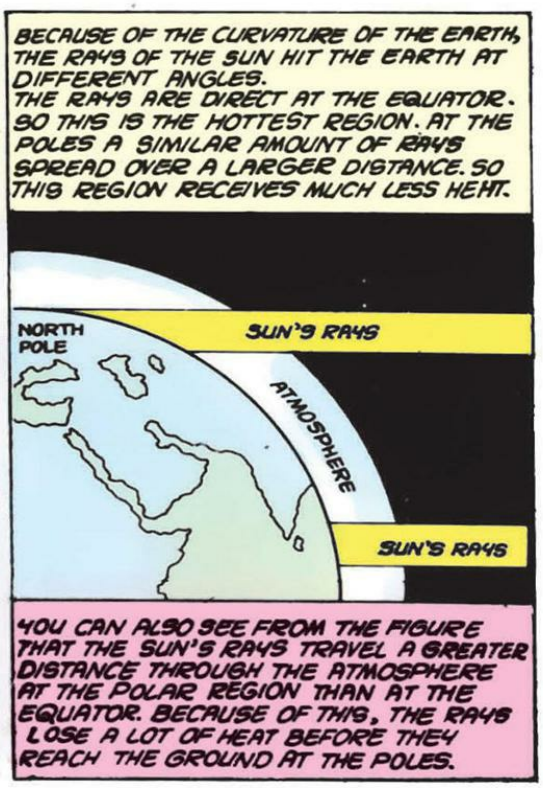
Script : J.D. Isloor
Illustrations : Anand Mande

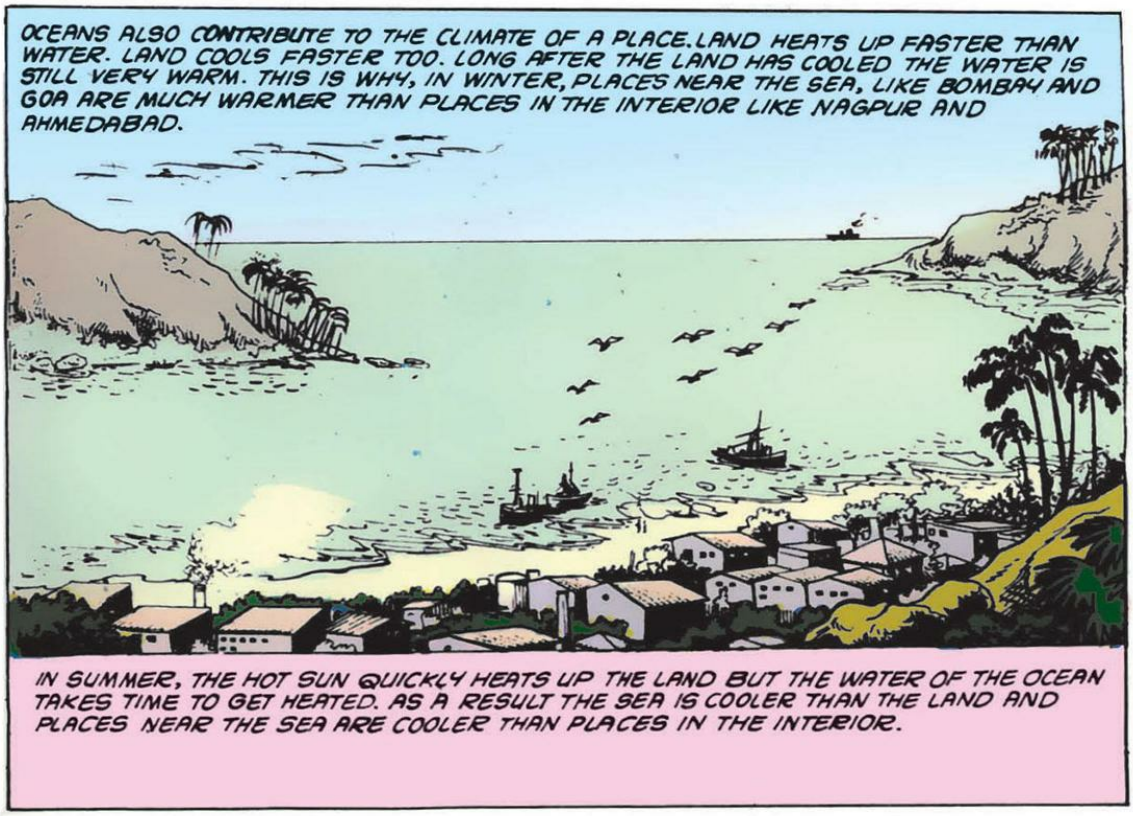
IF A FOREIGNER WERE ASKED ABOUT THE CLIMATE OF OUR COUNTRY, HE WOULD SAY IT IS WARM, AND HE WOULD BE RIGHT. BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH THE WEATHER HERE CAN BE COLD DURING WINTER AND DAMP DURING THE MONSOONS, THE GREATER PART OF INDIA IS GENERALLY WARM THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.
THE CLIMATE OF ANY COUNTRY IS THE GENERAL WEATHER OF THAT COUNTRY.

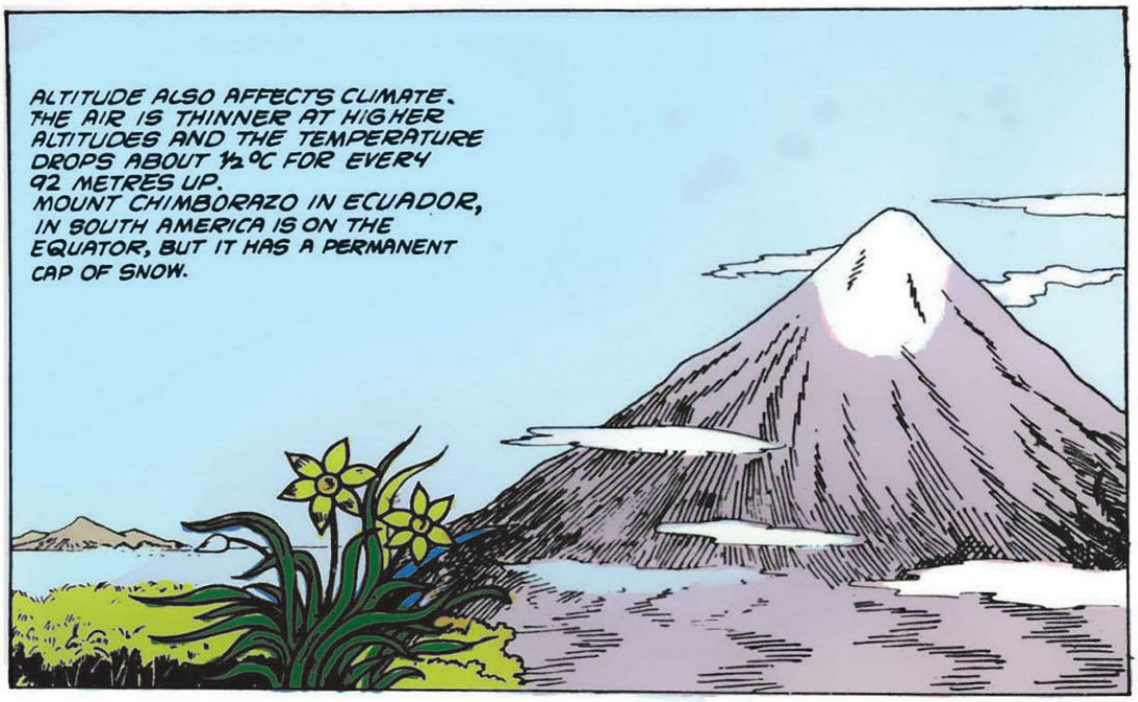

EUROPEANS LIVE DIFFERENTLY.
THE SUN SHINES MILDLY ON THEIR COUNTRIES. AND THE WINTERS ARE LONG. SO THEIR HOUSES HAVE TO BE ARTIFICIALLY HEATED. AND THEIR CLOTHING IS HEAVY AND WARM. MEAT IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THEIR DIET.


ESKIMOS LIVE IN A STILL COLDER CLIMATE. THEIR HOUSES (IGLOOS) ARE BUILT OUT OF SNOW. AS CROPS CANNOT GROW ON THEIR LAND, THE ESKIMOS LIVE MAINLY ON FOOD FROM THE SEA INCLUDING FISH AND SEALS. THEIR CLOTHING IS MADE OUT OF ANIMAL SKINS.

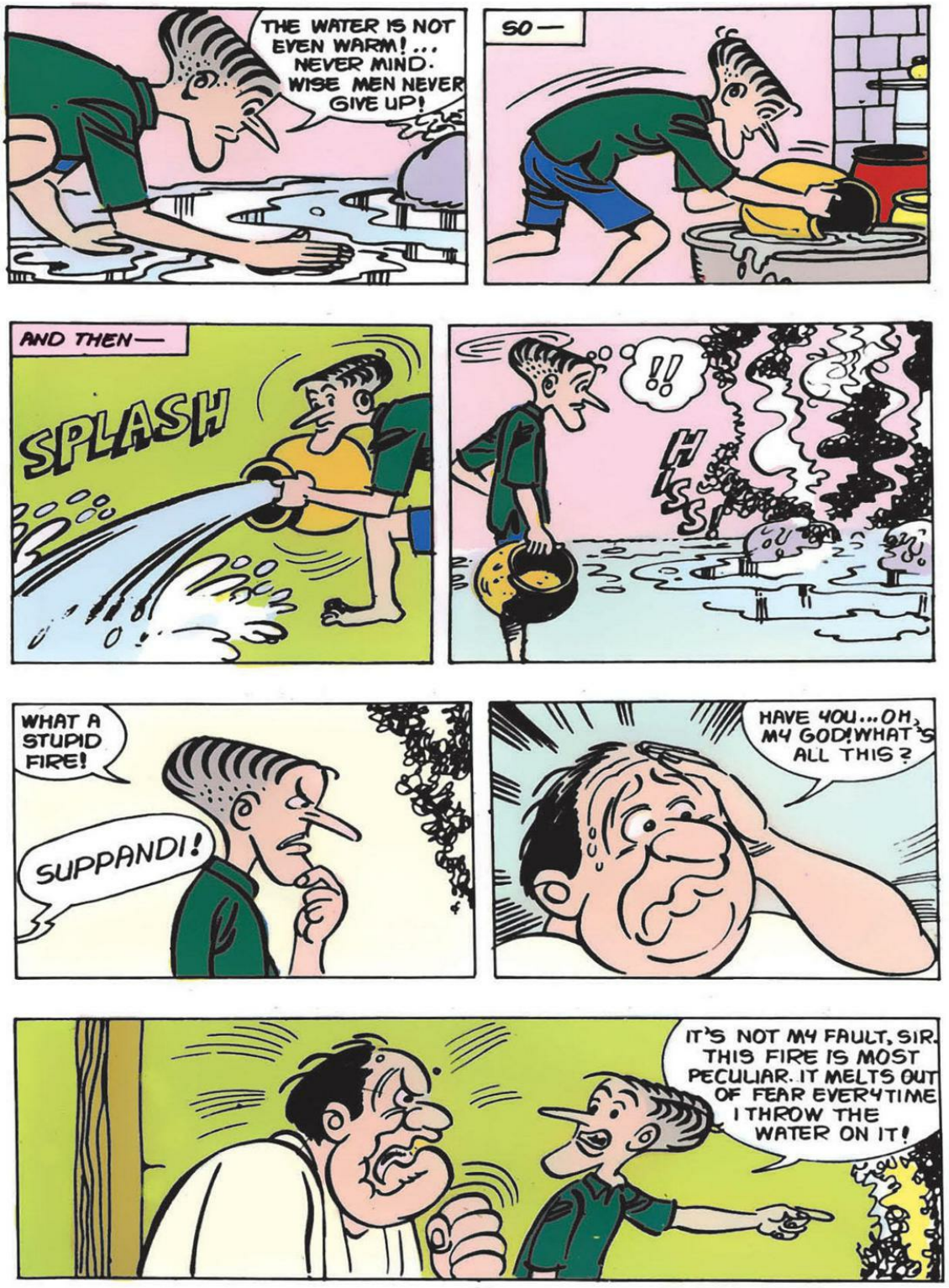

THE CHIEF FACTOR IN CLIMATE IS THE AMOUNT OF HEAT RECEIVED FROM THE SUN. THE EARTH IS SURROUNDED BY THE LAYER OF GAS THAT WE BREATHE AND WHICH WE CALL THE ATMOSPHERE. BEFORE SUNLIGHT REACHES THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH, IT HAS TO PASS THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE WHICH REFLECTS ABOUT HALF THE HEAT BACK INTO SPACE.


BECAUSE OF THE CURVATURE OF THE EARTH, THE RAYS OF THE SUN HIT THE EARTH AT DIFFERENT ANGLES.
THE RAYS ARE DIRECT AT THE EQUATOR. SO THIS IS THE HOTTEST REGION. AT THE POLES A SIMILAR AMOUNT OF RAYS SPREAD OVER A LARGER DISTANCE. SO THIS REGION RECEIVES MUCH LESS HEAT.
NORTH POLE
SUN'S RAYS
ATMOSPHERE
SUN'S RAYS
YOU CAN ALSO SEE FROM THE FIGURE THAT THE SUN'S RAYS TRAVEL A GREATER DISTANCE THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE AT THE POLAR REGION THAN AT THE EQUATOR. BECAUSE OF THIS, THE RAYS LOSE A LOT OF HEAT BEFORE THEY REACH THE GROUND AT THE POLES.


OCEANS ALSO CONTRIBUTE TO THE CLIMATE OF A PLACE. LAND HEATS UP FASTER THAN WATER. LAND COOLS FASTER TOO. LONG AFTER THE LAND HAS COOLED THE WATER IS STILL VERY WARM. THIS IS WHY, IN WINTER, PLACES NEAR THE SEA, LIKE BOMBAY AND GOA ARE MUCH WARMER THAN PLACES IN THE INTERIOR LIKE NAGPUR AND AHMEDABAD.
IN SUMMER, THE HOT SUN QUICKLY HEATS UP THE LAND BUT THE WATER OF THE OCEAN TAKES TIME TO GET HEATED. AS A RESULT THE SEA IS COOLER THAN THE LAND AND PLACES NEAR THE SEA ARE COOLER THAN PLACES IN THE INTERIOR.


ALTITUDE ALSO AFFECTS CLIMATE. THE AIR IS THINNER AT HIGHER ALTITUDES AND THE TEMPERATURE DROPS ABOUT ½ °C FOR EVERY 92 METRES UP.
MOUNT CHIMBORAZO IN ECUADOR, IN SOUTH AMERICA IS ON THE EQUATOR, BUT IT HAS A PERMANENT CAP OF SNOW.

Readers choice
THE ADVENTURES OF
SUPPANDI-7
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar
Based on a story sent by Samiulla Sharif, Bombay
SUPPANDI! HEAT SOME WATER FOR MY BATH.
YES, SIR.
BUT... DO YOU KNOW HOW TO DO IT?
OH YES, SIR. THERE'S NOTHING SIMPLER.
... GET THE WATER...
... AND...
WHAT A QUESTION TO ASK! DOES HE THINK I'M A NITWIT!
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LIGHT A FIRE...
SPLASH
!?
HISS
HISS

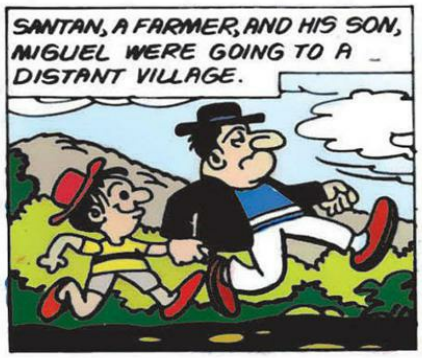

THE WATER IS NOT EVEN WARM!... NEVER MIND. WISE MEN NEVER GIVE UP!
SO —
AND THEN —
SPLASH
!!
HISS!
WHAT A STUPID FIRE!
SUPPANDI!
HAVE YOU... OH, MY GOD! WHAT'S ALL THIS?
IT'S NOT MY FAULT, SIR. THIS FIRE IS MOST PECULIAR. IT MELTS OUT OF FEAR EVERYTIME I THROW THE WATER ON IT!

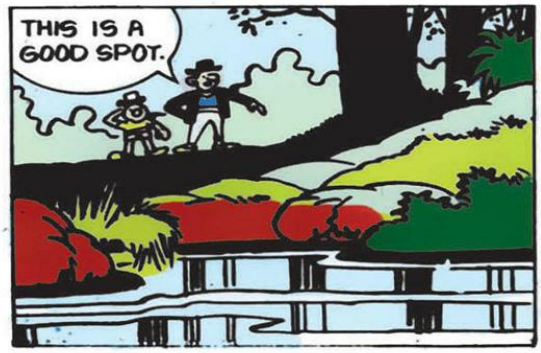
A TALE FROM GOA

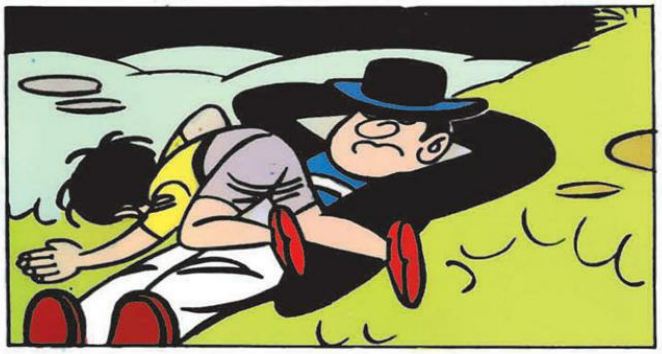
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

READERS' CHOICE

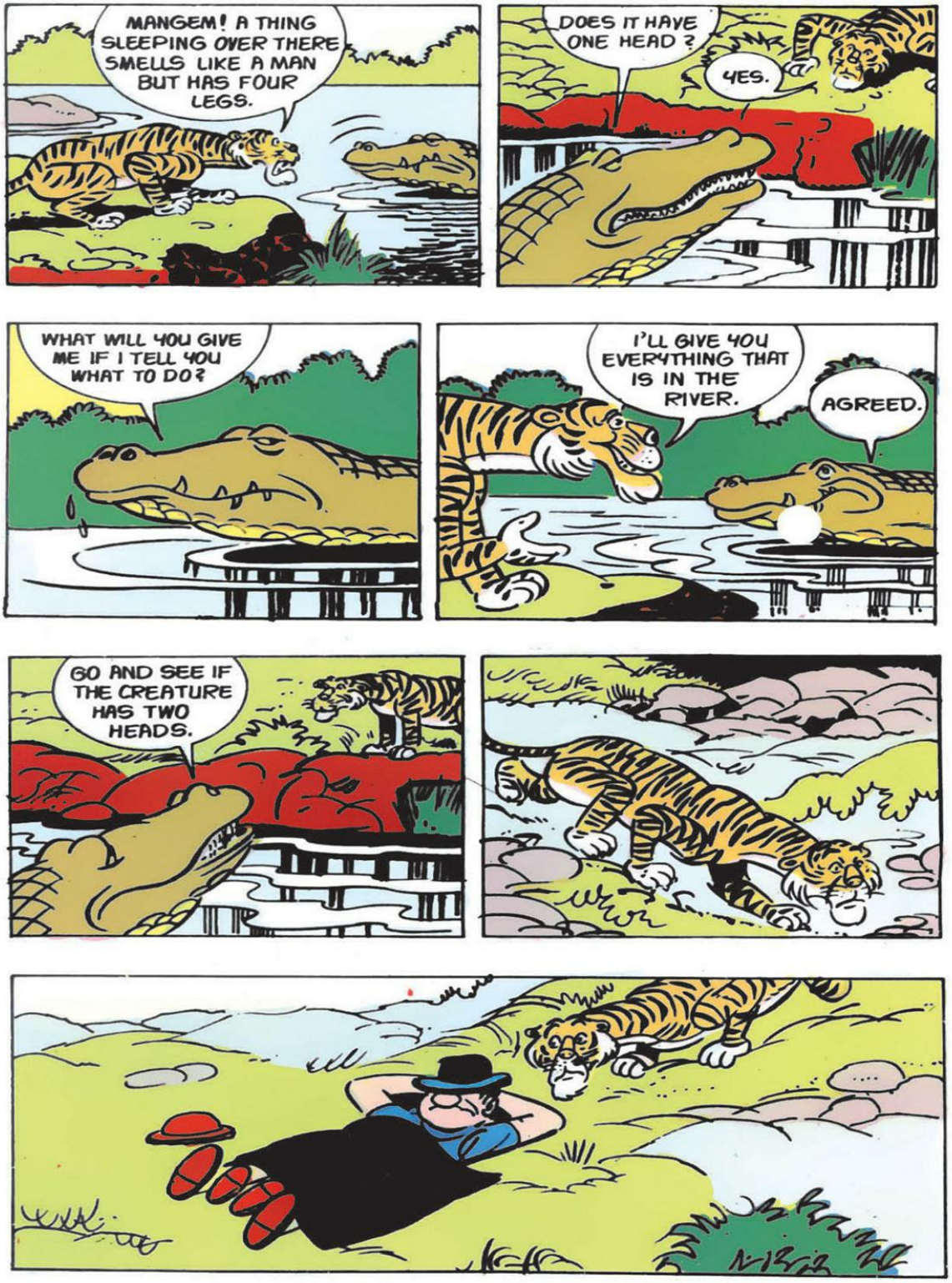
Based on a story sent by Renuka Dennis, Goa

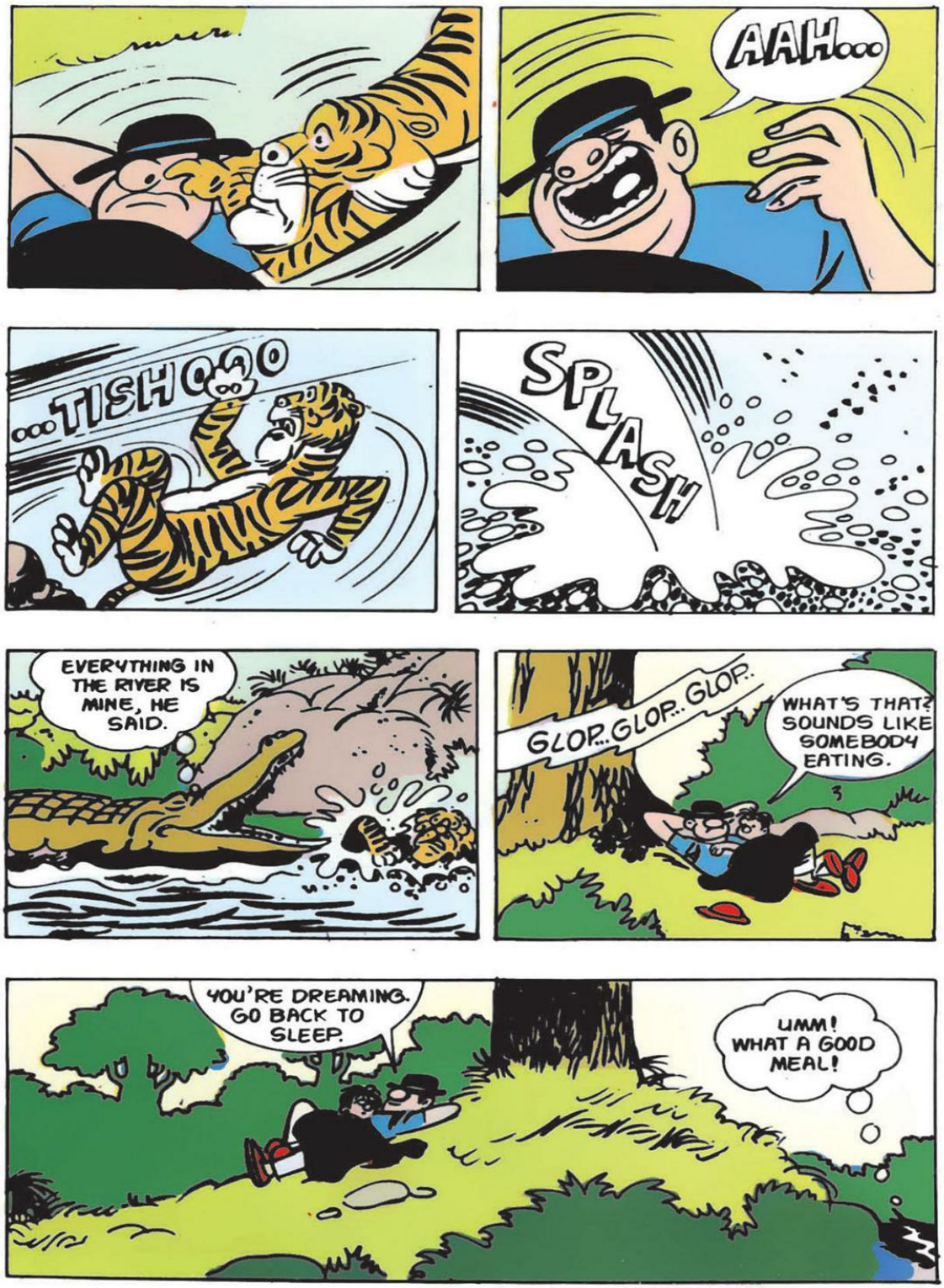






OH, ALL RIGHT...
WAGH, THE TIGER WAS ON THE PROWL.
I CAN SMELL A MAN.
AH, HERE HE IS.
BUT I SEE FOUR LEGS. MAN HAS TWO.
WHAT STRANGE CREATURE IS THIS? I WILL ASK MANGEM, THE CROCODILE!

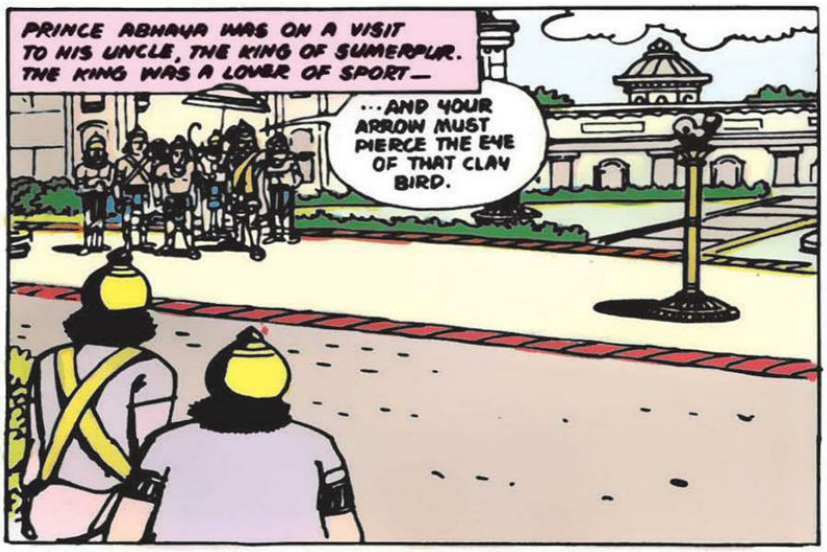

MANGEM! A THING SLEEPING OVER THERE SMELLS LIKE A MAN BUT HAS FOUR LEGS.
DOES IT HAVE ONE HEAD ?
YES.
WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME IF I TELL YOU WHAT TO DO?
I'LL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING THAT IS IN THE RIVER.
AGREED.
GO AND SEE IF THE CREATURE HAS TWO HEADS.

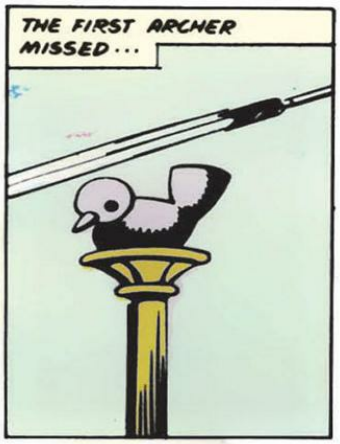

AAHooo
...TISHOOO
SPLASH
EVERYTHING IN THE RIVER IS MINE, HE SAID.
GLOP...GLOP...GLOP..
WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY EATING.
YOU'RE DREAMING. GO BACK TO SLEEP.
UMM! WHAT A GOOD MEAL!

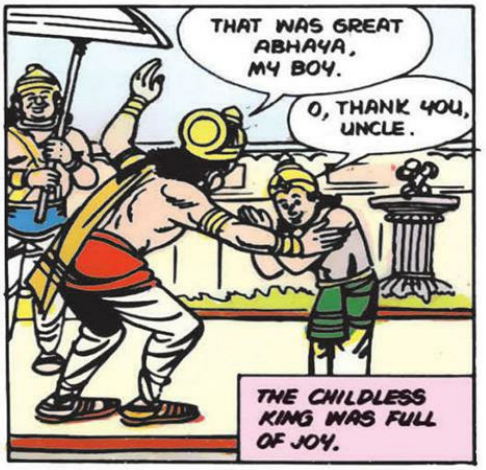
PRINCE ABHAYA

Story :
Motilal Surana

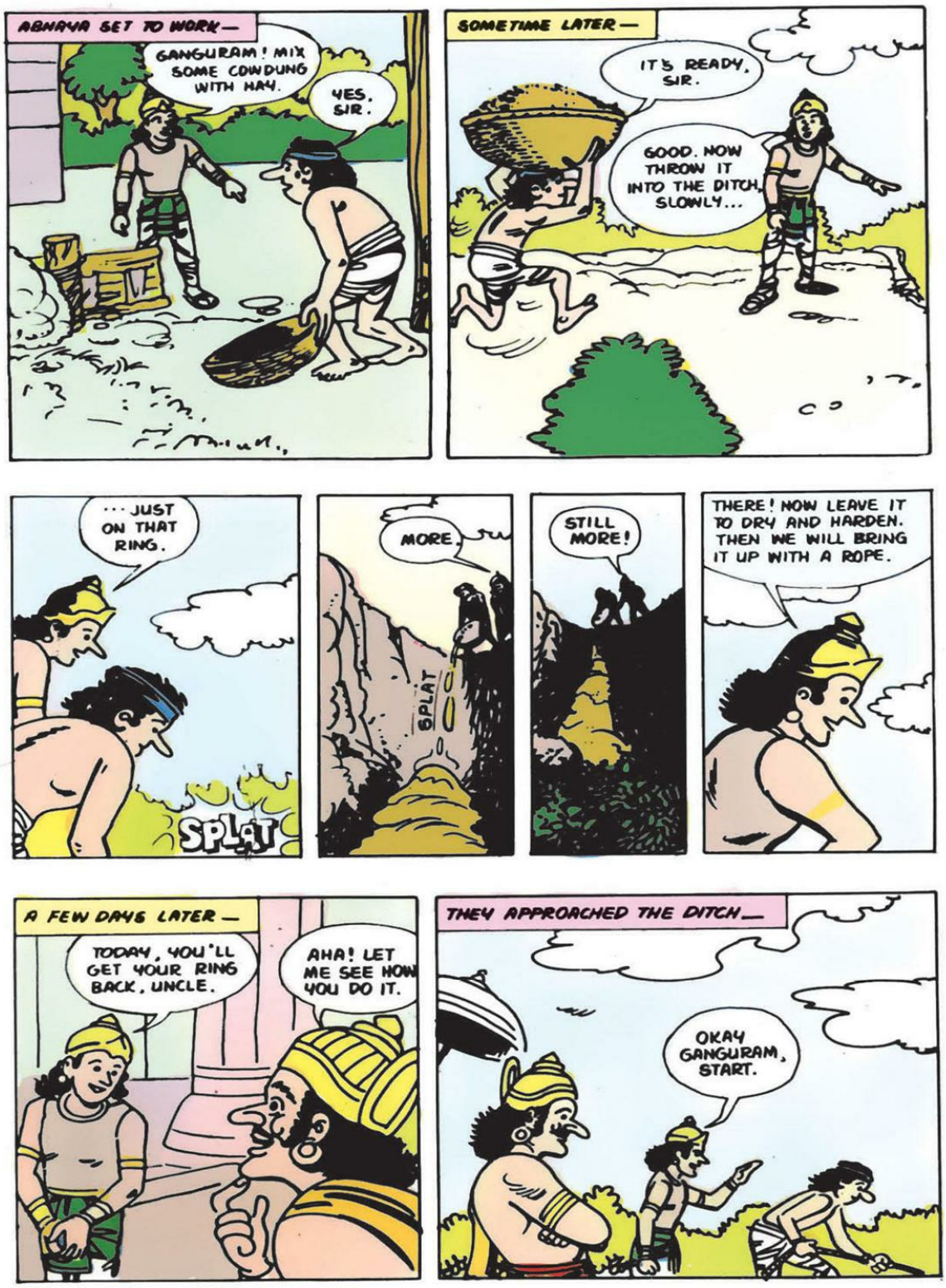
Illustrations :
Ram Waeerkar







THAT NIGHT —
I WISH I HAD A SON LIKE ABHAYA— HE'S SO SKILLED.
WHY DON'T WE ADOPT HIM, THEN?
YES, BUT I MUST TEST HIM FURTHER.
THE NEXT DAY—
OH, OH!
WE'LL GET IT OUT IMMEDIATELY, UNCLE.
THE KING'S RING HAD SLIPPED AND FALLEN INTO A DITCH.
WAIT A MINUTE, ABHAYA. CAN YOU TAKE THAT RING OUT WITHOUT ENTERING THAT DITCH?
HMM! GIVE ME A FEW DAYS, UNCLE.
TAKE AS MUCH TIME AS YOU LIKE.


ABHAYA SET TO WORK—
GANGURAM! MIX SOME COWDUNG WITH HAY.
YES, SIR.
SOMETIME LATER—
IT'S READY, SIR.
GOOD. NOW THROW IT INTO THE DITCH, SLOWLY...
...JUST ON THAT RING.
SPLAT
MORE.
SPLAT
STILL MORE!
THERE! NOW LEAVE IT TO DRY AND HARDEN. THEN WE WILL BRING IT UP WITH A ROPE.
A FEW DAYS LATER—
TODAY, YOU'LL GET YOUR RING BACK, UNCLE.
AHA! LET ME SEE HOW YOU DO IT.
THEY APPROACHED THE DITCH—
OKAY GANGURAM, START.

NOW, BREAK THE CAKE.
HERE, UNCLE— YOUR RING.
GOOD BOY, ABHAYA.
BUT YOU HAVE ONE MORE TEST COMING UP, SON.
JUST THEN —
SALUTATIONS, MAHARAJ, PRINCE ABHAYA!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I'VE COME TO GET MY EYE BACK, PRINCE. HERE'S THE MONEY.
Y—YOUR EYE?

YES. MY OTHER EYE WHICH I HAD MORTGAGED WITH YOU LAST MONTH WHEN YOU'D LOANED ME THIS MONEY.
LOAN?
EYE...? LOAN...? OF COURSE, OF COURSE!
MY UNCLE SEEMS DETERMINED TO TEST ME.
LET ME COUNT THE MONEY FIRST...
OH, IT'S CORRECT TO THE LAST PAISA.
OH, ALL RIGHT. NOW WILL YOU LET ME HAVE YOUR OTHER EYE?
MY OTHER EYE... WHY?
I HAVE MANY EYES WITH ME. HOW CAN I MATCH YOURS UNLESS I HAVE YOUR OTHER EYE?
NE... NEVER MIND... HEY... I JUST REMEMBERED, I'M LATE FOR WORK.
HMM! HE'S QUICK-WITTED, TOO!
YOU HANDLED THAT WELL!

THE NEXT DAY —
ABHAYA, PLEASE DELIVER THIS PERSONAL LETTER TO THE KING OF JANAKPUR.
WITH PLEASURE, UNCLE.
THIS MUST BE ANOTHER TEST.
AT JANAKPUR —
FROM THE KING OF SUMERPUR, YOUR MAJESTY.
?
GUARDS! GET THE EXECUTIONER. THIS MAN MUST BE BEHEADED TODAY!
WAIT A MINUTE, YOUR MAJESTY.
IF YOU CARE FOR THE WELFARE OF YOUR PEOPLE... YOU WON'T EXECUTE ME HERE.
WHY?
FOR IT IS ORDAINED THAT IN THE LAND WHERE I DIE, THERE WILL BE A FAMINE FOR TEN YEARS...
WHAT?

AND THAT'S WHY THE KING OF SUMERPUR SENT ME TO DIE—HERE!
I SEE.
GUARDS!
THROW THIS MAN OUT OF OUR BORDERS... BUT CAREFULLY... SEE THAT YOU DON'T HURT HIM!
AT SUMERPUR—
I'M BACK, UNCLE.
HOW WAS YOUR TRIP?
OH, THE KING WAS VERY HOSPITABLE!
INDEED! I KNEW YOU WOULD RETURN SAFELY.
AND SO THE NEXT DAY—
I PROCLAIM YOU, ABHAYA, CROWN PRINCE OF SUMERPUR.

THIS HAPPENED TO ME ...

One evening I was returning home from college on my bicycle. It was a pleasant evening and I was feeling on top of the world. The road was somewhat deserted so I left the handlebars and road merrily in the middle of the road.

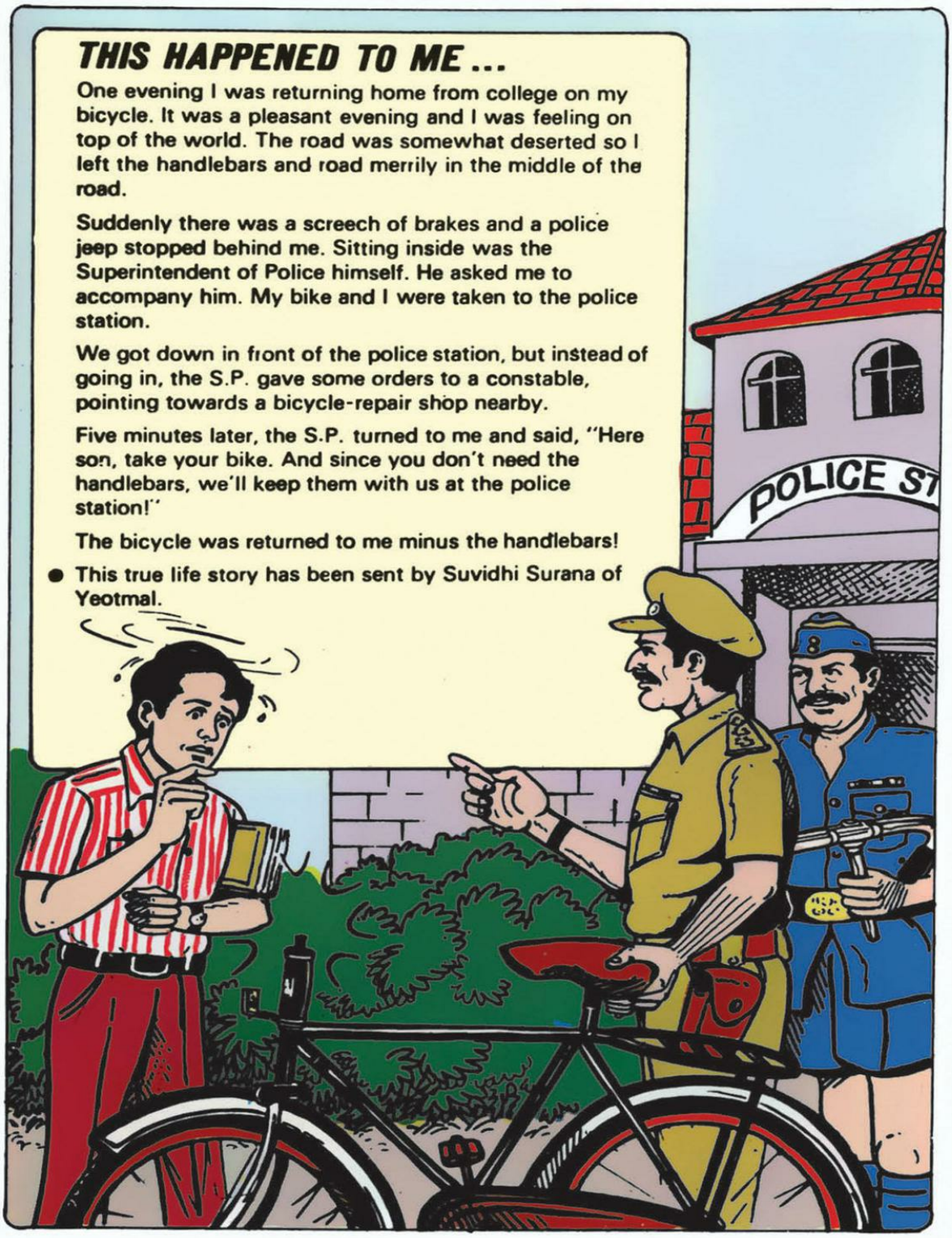
Suddenly there was a screech of brakes and a police jeep stopped behind me. Sitting inside was the Superintendent of Police himself. He asked me to accompany him. My bike and I were taken to the police station.

We got down in front of the police station, but instead of going in, the S.P. gave some orders to a constable, pointing towards a bicycle-repair shop nearby.

Five minutes later, the S.P. turned to me and said, "Here son, take your bike. And since you don't need the handlebars, we'll keep them with us at the police station!"

The bicycle was returned to me minus the handlebars!

- This true life story has been sent by Suvidhi Surana of Yeotmal.

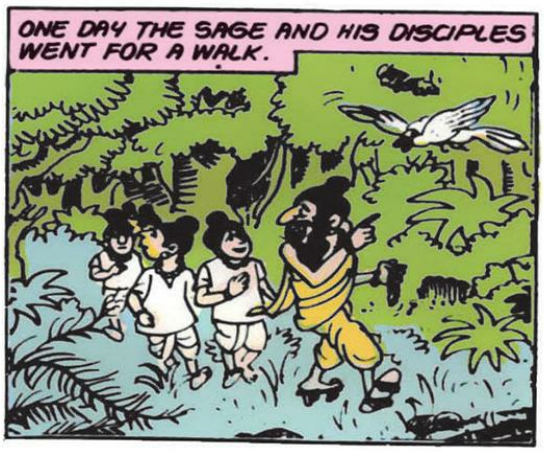


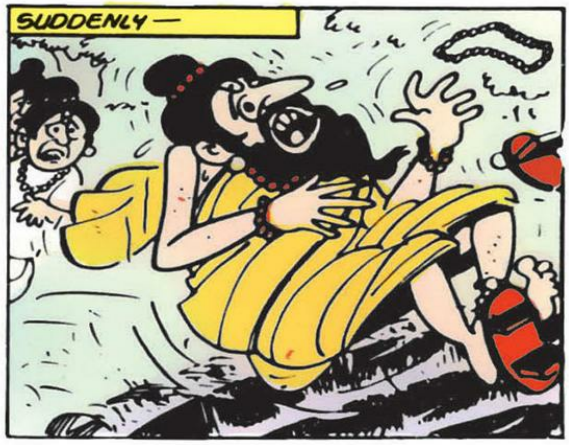
Readers' Choice

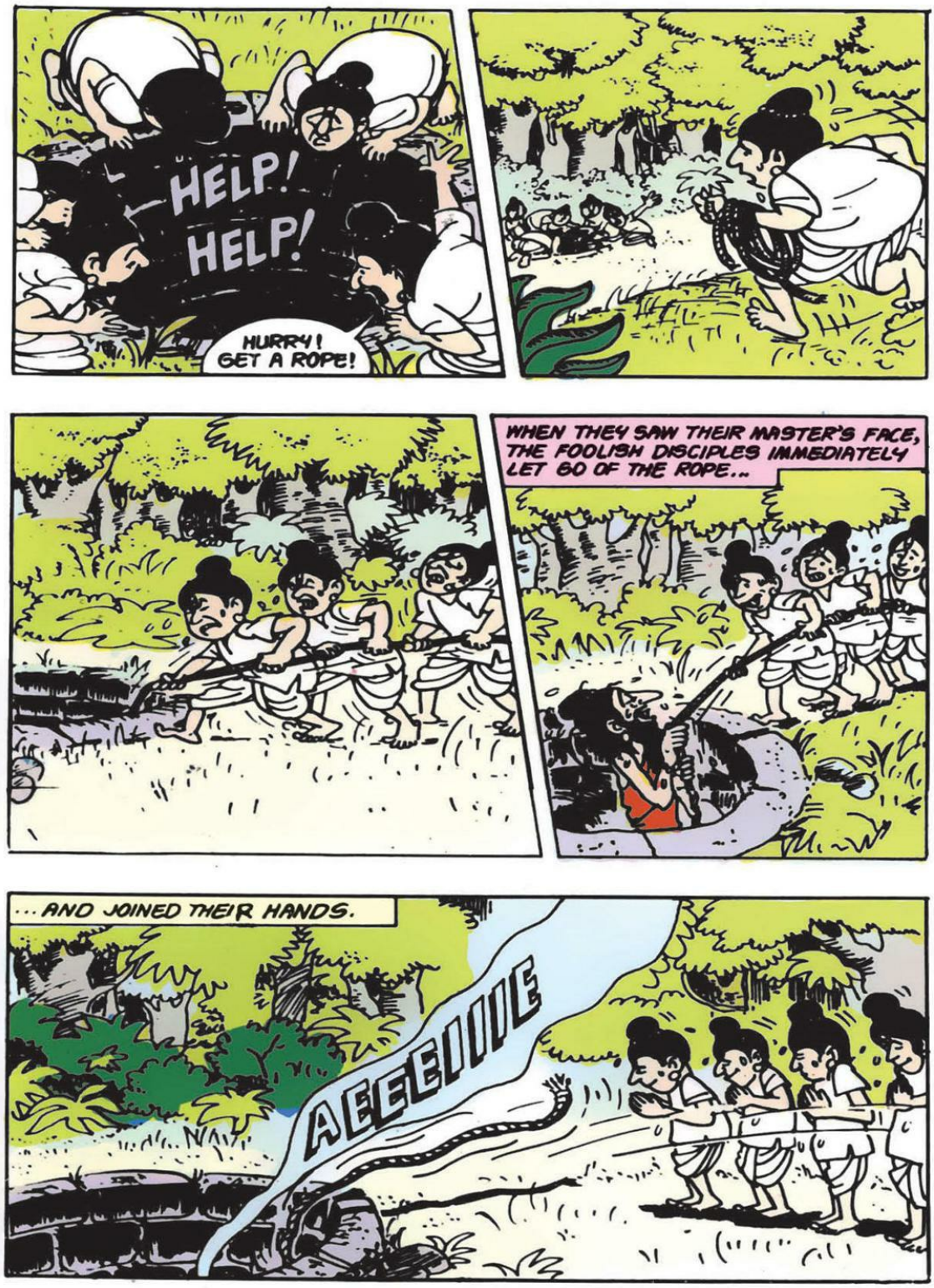
THE OBEDIENT DISCIPLES

Based on a story sent by B. Venugopal, Calicut

Illustrations: S.N. Sawant



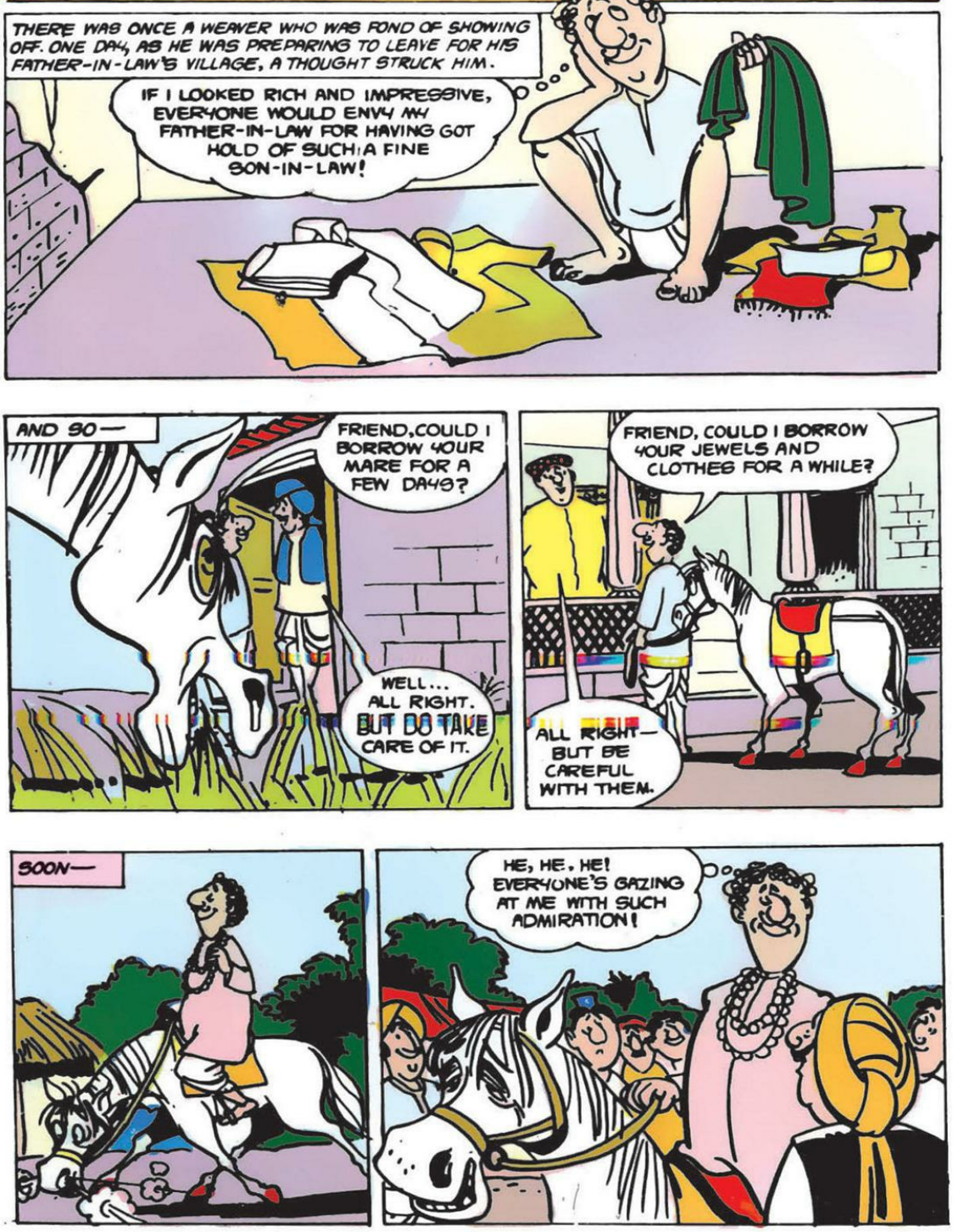



HELP! HELP!
HURRY! GET A ROPE!
WHEN THEY SAW THEIR MASTER'S FACE, THE FOOLISH DISCIPLES IMMEDIATELY LET GO OF THE ROPE...
...AND JOINED THEIR HANDS.
ABEBIDE

ANWAR
by
Appaswami
Illustrations: V. B. Halbe
VIDYA, GIVE ME A TOFFEE!
SAY 'PLEASE'.
PLEASE?
OH, YOU WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND.
AREN'T YOU GOING TO GIVE ME A TOFFEE?
I WILL, IF YOU ASK IN THE CORRECT WAY.
COME, I WILL TEACH YOU.
HERE, TAKE THESE.
ALL THE TOFFEES? WOW!
NOW WATCH ME ASK YOU...
ANWAR, COULD YOU GIVE ME A TOFFEE, PLEASE?
!!
CERTAINLY NOT. I WANT THEM ALL!

THE FOOLISH WEAVER

Script: Gayatri Madan Dutt
Illustrations: V.B. Halbe



SUDDENLY, ON THE WAY —
OH, NO— A STORM!
RUMBLE
I WILL HAVE TO WAIT AT THIS VILLAGE TILL IT CLEARS. WHAT A NUISANCE!
THE STORM RAGED FOR A LONG TIME. IT WAS LATE EVENING BY THE TIME THE WEAVER COULD CONTINUE HIS JOURNEY.
HERE'S FATHER-IN-LAW'S VILLAGE AT LAST, AND NOT A SOUL ABOUT!
IF I ENTER NOW, NOBODY WILL SEE ME ALL DRESSED UP. I'D RATHER MAKE A GRAND ENTRANCE IN THE MORNING.
SEEING A HUT NEARBY, THE WEAVER WENT UP TO IT.
ANYBODY IN?
KNOCK KNOCK
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
GREETINGS, GOOD FAKIR. I AM JUST A TRAVELLER WANTING SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT.

GO AWAY! HOW DO I KNOW WHO YOU MAY BE? WHAT... WHAT IF YOU ARE A THIEF, COME TO ROB A POOR FAKIR?
OH, SIR! YOU ARE QUITE MISTAKEN. HOW CAN I PROVE MY GOOD FAITH TO YOU?
WELL... DO THIS FOR ME, THEN...
... I AM OLD AND FIND IT DIFFICULT TO GO AND ASK FOR ALMS EVERYDAY. IF YOU WEAR MY CLOTHES AND GO TODAY IN MY STEAD, YOU CAN STAY HERE.
BUT... HOW CAN I...?
THEN, I'M SORRY...
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT... I'LL GO, BUT WHAT ABOUT MY MARE AND MY CLOTHES?
LEAVE THEM HERE. THEY WILL BE SAFE WITH ME.

SO, DRESSED IN THE FAKIR'S TATTERS, THE WEAVER SET OUT.
SEEK ALMS AT EVERY HOUSE. I HAVE TAKEN A VOW TO HONOUR EVERY HOUSE BY EATING WHAT EACH OFFERS.
I CAN RECOGNISE THE FOOD FROM EVERY HOUSE, SO BE SURE TO DO AS I SAY.
THEN I'LL HAVE TO GO TO MY FATHER-IN-LAW'S HOUSE ALSO!
SOON THE WEAVER ARRIVED AT HIS FATHER-IN-LAW'S.
OH, THE GRAIN PIT! IT'S FULL OF WATER FROM THIS MORNING'S STORM.
ALMS! ALMS FOR A FAKIR.
I'M COMING, SIR.
HELP! IT'S MY WIFE. SHE MUSN'T RECOGNISE ME...
...AAA...
...HAAH!
EEEE! FATHER, MOTHER- A FAKIR'S FALLEN INTO THE PIT!
NEIGHBOURS, NEIGHBOURS COME! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED NEXT DOOR.
WHAT IS IT?
GET A LIGHT SOMEONE.

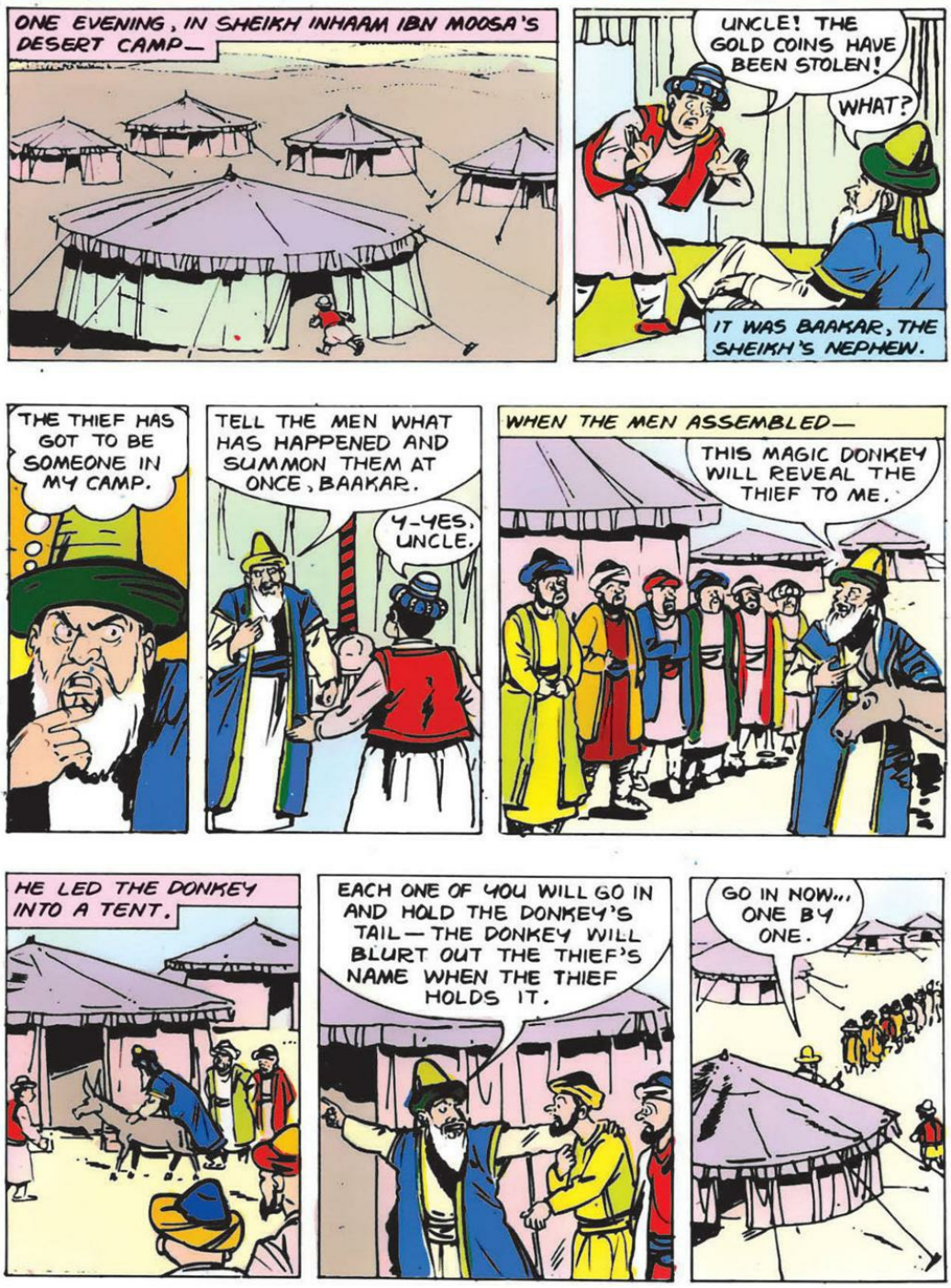
SOON—
HE'S SAFE; QUITE SAFE.
HERE'S FIRE TO WARM HIM...
SON-IN-LAW! YOU!
I..., C..C... CAN EXP-P -PLAIN...
CHATTER CHATTER
AND WHEN THE HAPLESS WEAVER NARRATED HIS WHOLE STORY—
A FAKIR, YOU SAY? BUT HE ARRIVED HERE JUST TWO DAYS AGO. I ONLY HOPE... HE IS... A REAL FAKIR...?
THEY ALL MADE HASTILY FOR THE FAKIR'S HUT.
THE MARE! THE CLOTHES, JEWELS! THE FAKIR — ALL GONE! WHAT WILL MY FRIENDS SAY?
HEAR FIRST WHAT I HAVE TO SAY...
...SO, YOU WANTED TO ENTER THE VILLAGE IN THE MORNING WHEN EVERYONE COULD SEE YOU, EH?... EVERYONE CAN SEE YOU NOW, FOOLISH ONE...
... AND WHAT A FINE SPECIMEN OF A SON-IN-LAW YOU MAKE!

A TAIL'S TALE

Illustrations: Ashok Dongre

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by Rashmi Mishra, Khagadia, Bihar



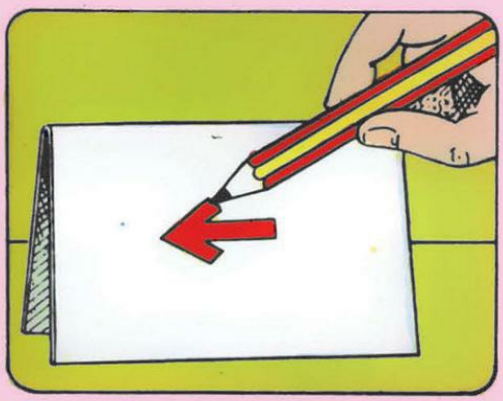
NEXT.
NEXT.
WHEN EVERYBODY WAS OUT—
SO THE DONKEY HAS FAILED TO CATCH THE THIEF...
NEVER MIND... I KNOW HOW TO READ PALMS. I'LL CATCH THE THIEF MYSELF.
HE READ THE FIRST MAN'S HAND...
...AND SNIFFED AT IT.
INNOCENT!

THEN THE SECOND...
INNOCENT.
... AND THE THIRD.
INNOCENT.
AND SO ON UNTIL THE SEVENTH.
SUDDENLY—
YOU ARE THE THIEF! DO YOU DENY THAT?
N... NO SIR, I... I... STOLE THE COINS.
THAT NIGHT—
HOW DID YOU CATCH THE RIGHT MAN, UNCLE?
OH, IT WAS SIMPLE...
I RUBBED A PASTE OF CAMPHOR AND MINT ON THE DONKEY'S TAIL. THE PALMS OF EVERY MAN WHO TOUCHED IT SMELT OF CAMPHOR.
BUT THE THIEF DIDN'T TOUCH THE TAIL...
... AND OF COURSE, HIS HANDS DIDN'T SMELL OF THE PASTE!

D

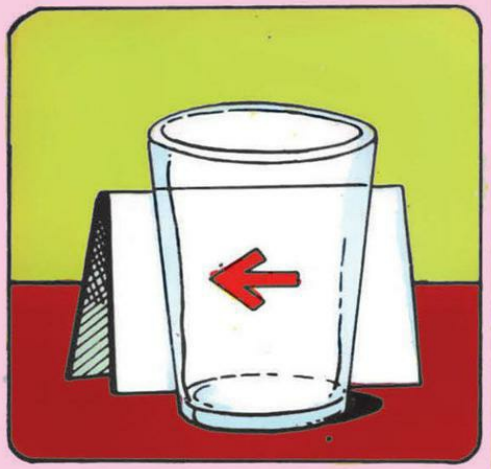
THE MOVING ARROW

You will need : A glass, water, a piece of card.



1. Fold a sheet of card in half and draw an arrow in the centre of one side.

2. Stand the card on a table and place an empty glass in front of the card. Now, can you change the direction of the arrow without touching the card ?



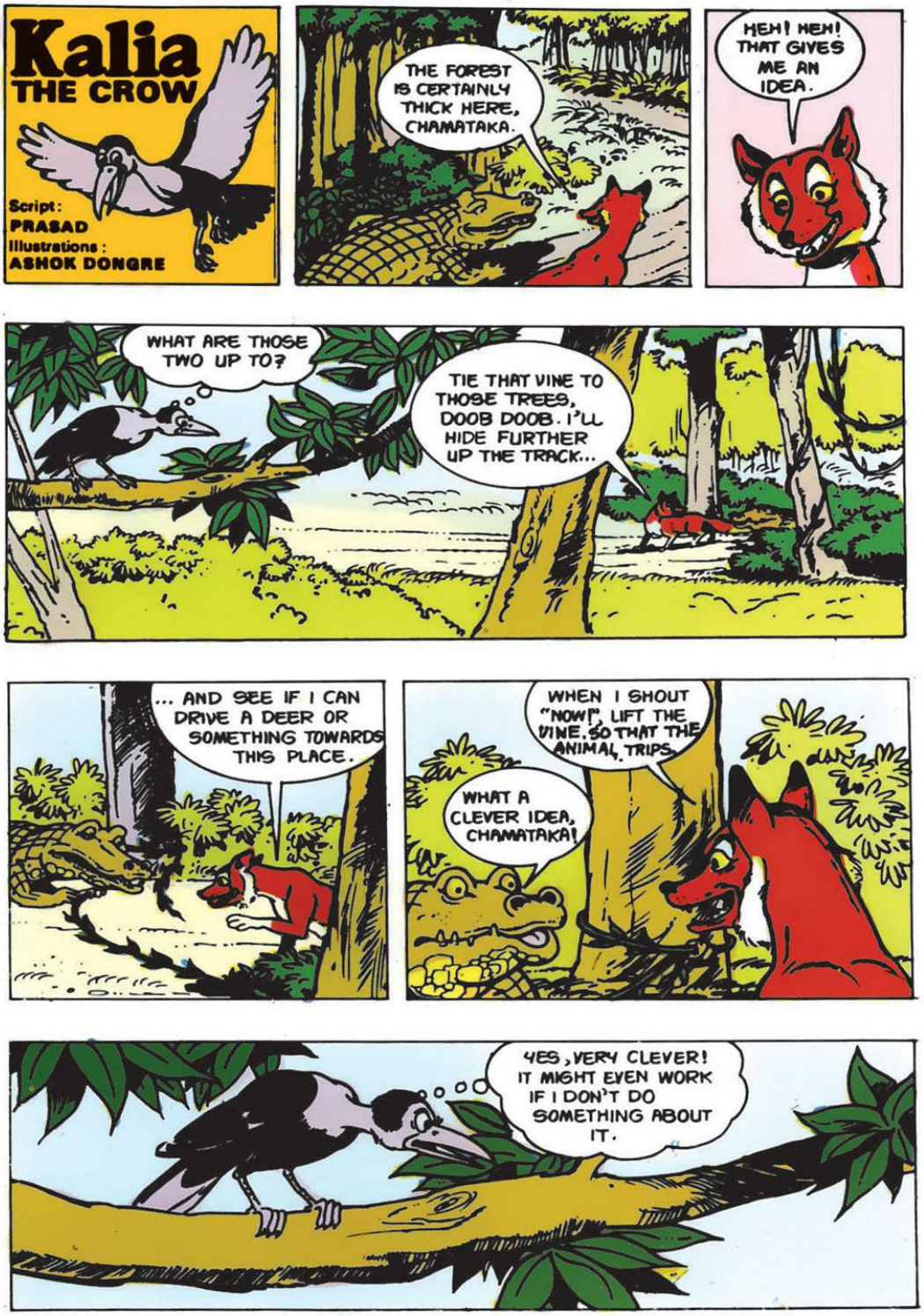
3. You can do so just by filling the glass with water !

THE THIEF IN THE TUB

Romantic Tales of the Punjab

Script: Anju Aggarwal
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

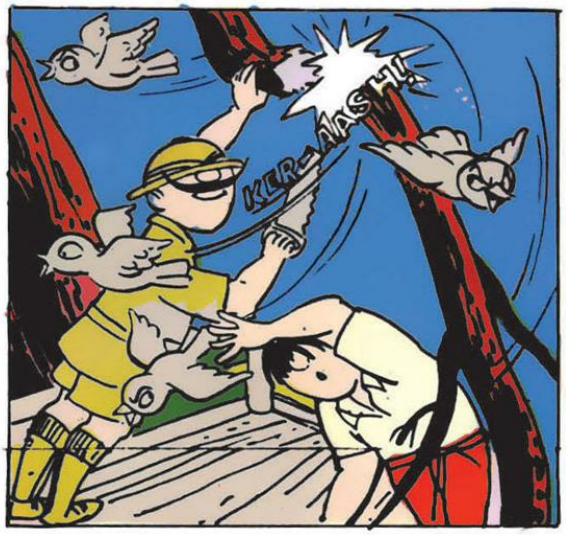
... AN OLD VILLAIN, A THIEF.
GET INTO THE HOUSE QUICKLY.
THE MAN PICKED UP A STONE...
... AND HURLED IT INTO THE TUB.
?
THERE'S NO ONE HERE.
CUNNING RASCAL— THAT THIEF...
... I DON'T KNOW HOW HE ESCAPED. BUT HE IS NOT LIKELY TO TROUBLE US AGAIN.


Kalia
THE CROW
Script:
PRASAD
Illustrations:
ASHOK DONGRE
THE FOREST IS CERTAINLY THICK HERE, CHAMATAKA.
HEH! HEH! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA.
WHAT ARE THOSE TWO UP TO?
TIE THAT VINE TO THOSE TREES, DOOB DOOB. I'LL HIDE FURTHER UP THE TRACK...
... AND SEE IF I CAN DRIVE A DEER OR SOMETHING TOWARDS THIS PLACE.
WHEN I SHOUT "NOW!", LIFT THE VINE, SO THAT THE ANIMAL TRIPS.
WHAT A CLEVER IDEA, CHAMATAKA!
YES, VERY CLEVER! IT MIGHT EVEN WORK IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

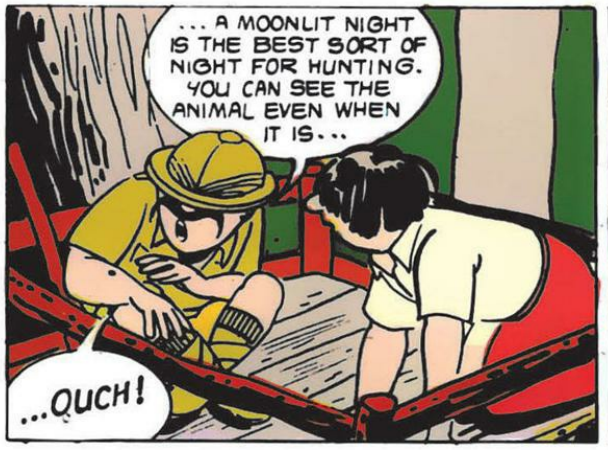
NOW TO FIND A GOOD HIDING PLACE.
THESE BUSHES WILL DO. IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE SOME ANIMAL COMES THIS WAY.
SO THAT'S WHERE HE'S GOING TO HIDE!
ER... BABLOO. YOU WERE LOOKING FOR CHAMATAKA, WEREN'T YOU?
THAT RASCAL STOLE A HONEY-COMB FROM MY CAVE. WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM.
COME ALONG. I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE HE IS.
THERE HE IS.
GRRR!
BABLOO!
STOP!
HMMM! THAT JACKAL IS TOO FAST FOR BABLOO.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, DOOB DOOB?
ER... NOTHING! NOTHING AT ALL!
HEY! THERE IS SHONAR. WHY IS HE IN SUCH A HURRY?
CHAMATAKA'S AFTER HIM, THAT'S WHY. HE'LL SOON GIVE ME THE SIGNAL.
THERE'S SOMEONE AFTER HIM. LOOKS LIKE CHAMATAKA!
WHY DOESN'T HE SHOUT? SHONAR'S QUITE CLOSE.
ANYWAY, SIGNAL OR NO SIGNAL, I'M GOING TO LIFT THE VINE AND TRIP HIM.
CRASH
GOT YOU!
OW! LET ME GO!
OH! OH! THAT'S CHAMATAKA, NOT SHONAR. I WONDER WHAT WENT WRONG. I'D BETTER NOT WAIT.
STEAL MY HONEYCOMBS WILL YOU?

Shikari Shambu
Script: Luis M Fernandes
Illustrations: V B Halbe
THERE'S A FULL MOON IN THE SKY, UNCLE.
THAT'S GOOD FOR US. THE MOON IS THE HUNTERS' FRIEND.
YOU DON'T NEED TORCHES ON A MOONLIT NIGHT AND...
CHEEEP! CHEEP! CHEEP!
OH-OH, THERE ARE BIRDS ROOSTING UP THERE.
THEY'LL GIVE US AWAY WITH THEIR CHIRPING...
SHOO SHOO!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET RID OF THOSE BIRDS.


KER-MASH!

CHEEP
CHEEP
CHEEP
THEY WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE... HEH HEH. TO GET BACK TO WHAT I WAS SAYING...


... A MOONLIT NIGHT IS THE BEST SORT OF NIGHT FOR HUNTING. YOU CAN SEE THE ANIMAL EVEN WHEN IT IS...
...OUCH!

ANTS!
THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF THEM SWARMING UP HERE.

LET'S GO DOWN AND SEE WHERE THEY'RE COMING FROM.

BE CAREFUL... OUCH!

THEY'RE COMING FROM THERE!
I CAN SEE THAT.

LET'S FIND SOMETHING TO PLUG THAT HOLE WITH.
AAAH!
FOUND SOMETHNG, UNCLE?
Y-YES!
A T-TIGER! RUN!
YOU WERE RIGHT, UNCLE... THE MOONLIGHT DOES HELP...
...WE CAN RUN WITHOUT STUMBLING!

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